THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

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LIMITATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

The winter gathers up the folds
Of his torn robe from hills and wolds,
And life breathes over vale and plain,
And dead hearts come to life again—
But oh—these bonds!

Wild March forbears his boisterous ways,
And whispers to the listening days
The promise of the coming June,
And life would be a precious boon,
Except these bonds!

A robin sings on yonder limb
Amid the buds, a triumph hymn,—
And I could almost hear the bees
Busy among the apple-trees,
But for these bonds!

If I could catch spring's vital breath,
Could break this icy trance of death,
And trees come out in fresher life
After the winter's woe and strife—
Except these bonds.

O, friend! how fair, in sun and dew,
The flowers would bloom the long year through,
But for the cruel winter-time!
I, too, were in my blossom-prime
But for these bonds!

If I could build so high your garden-wall,
To shut its sweets away from all,—
And let your life's most perfect bloom
Lose half its worth in waste perfume:—
Better these bonds!

You mourn your kind and soar alone
Till you are faint and weary grown,—
Imagining you suffer less
Than I, who have no weariness
Except these bonds.

Each soul must have its strife with fate;
Tell me, which is the sadder state,
To fly, and fly, and find no rest,
Or dream away a life, oppressed
But by these bonds?

How differing our fortunes are—
One bound at home—one exiled far;
You, scorning your inheritance—
I chained by fate and circumstance—
Unrest—and bonds!

Each has enough of bitter woe—
Which needs most tears I scarcely know;—
You, isolated by your pride,
I fettered and unsatisfied—
Banishment—bonds!

Pity me not, ambitious heart—
Our ways are evermore apart—
My hopes are lowly—yours too high;—
Would you were even as am I,
Except these bonds!

Original Romance.

THE CAVALIER.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,
Author of "Richelieu," "Darnley," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXII.

A day passed over in as much external quiet as can be known to hearts much moved internally. Lady Langdale and Lucy had ample opportunity of conversation with Bernard March during the morning, and received full directions from him as to their future course. All was delivered in a calm and quiet tone, with as few allusions as possible to any danger or difficulty; but in what he had to say there was many a point to be touched upon which was a key to some deeper feeling in the breasts of all three, and produced no less effect because it was touched lightly. The tones of the Æolian harp are not less melancholy because they are vague.

Thus when he told them what to do in case *any reverse attended the royal arms*, imagination of course ran forward to all that might attend such reverse at the time, and in the consequences. Lucy, though very gentle, was firm, however; and though she could not restrain fancy from gazing upon some pictures as dark and terrible as the sternest reality could display, she would not let apprehension master her; nor would she by one word or one tear chill the ardor of him whose cause she believed to be right.

Lady Langdale, too, acted her part well, and supported rather than depressed her child, though her heart might well sink within her when she thought that, in the near approaching strife, the liberty and life of a husband and a son, and one whom she hardly looked upon as less than a child of her own, were to be risked upon the uncertain issue of battle. None of the three could be cheerful; but none suffered great emotion to appear whatever they might feel; and the only persons who boldly approached the painful subjects of which all were thinking were good Lady Janet, who, lightly, and, as Lucy thought, unfeelingly, spoke with a sour jest of her good cousin's speedy departure, and young Henry Langdale, who, though he came down to breakfast stiff and bruised with his fall of the day before, was all eager and burning to take part in a more extensive and decisive action.

Neither the Earl nor Lady Janet referred even remotely to the monk or his concealment; but going into the smaller room, where they had supped on the preceding night, the old lady led the way by another passage; and the morning meal passed partly in silence, partly in low and grave conversation.

"You have seen that your men and affairs are taken care of, Bernard," said the old lady, at length, in a gentler and more earnest tone than she had hitherto used. "They will want all the strength and refreshment they can have. You have got possession of the house, and they can have all they want—upon compulsion, you know, upon compulsion."

"You are mistaken, I think, my good cousin," replied Lord Dartmoor, gravely; for even Lady Janet's persistence in her little art could not wring a smile from him just then; "I do not believe they will have to draw a blade so soon. I am only going to seek tidings of Sir Edward Langdale and the King; for I have had no tidings of his majesty for several days. I shall leave a small garrison with you, however; for you are so notorious a rebel, good cousin, I cannot trust you without a *force majeur* to control you. Pierrot, Lady Langdale," he continued, "with young Gray, the rest of your servants, and some chosen men of my party will remain behind to protect and guide you should need be; and I trust that before to-morrow I shall be able to send you good news of your husband. He cannot be far off. Good lady, I wish to speak with you," and rising from the table he beckoned Lady Janet into the recess of an oriel window.

There he talked to her for a few minutes in a low tone; and what he said seemed certainly to affect her a good deal; for the old lady wiped her eyes; and when he turned away pressed his hand, saying,

"Assuredly, Bernard, as if she were my child. You are a good, brave boy; but rather rough with the old women, whatever you may be with young ones."

Just at that moment a soldier fully armed entered the room unceremoniously, and said a word or two to the young leader, who, advancing to the breakfast-table, took Lucy's hand and pointed from a window which looked out upon the park.

There, upon the little green esplanade, mounted and in marching order, appeared the small body of Cavalier horse, with six or seven men on foot, some holding saddled horses, some waiting apparently for commands.

"God bless you, my sweet Lucy," said Bernard; and in spite of the eyes that were upon them, he pressed her for a moment to his heart, and placed a kiss upon her beautiful lips.—Then turning to Lady Langdale, he took her hand affectionately, and hurried from the room.

Lucy continued to look forth from the window for a moment, and saw Bernard mount; but then darted forth, and the next instant was seen standing by his horse's side, speaking to him eagerly.

Only a word or two of what they said reached the ears of those within the chamber, although the window was open.

"I will," answered Bernard March; "I will if it is possible."

Lucy added something more; and he replied,

"I must not say nay, but oh, my dear girl, preserve yourself for all those who are dear to you. Now run back. We shall meet again, I know, I feel it, I hope—"

The last word was somewhat faint; but Lucy turned and went back into the house. Her mother opened her arms to her as she entered the room where they had breakfasted, and Lucy cast herself upon her bosom and wept. All the long suppressed emotion broke forth then, when the moment for concealing it was over; and she sobbed so bitterly that even old Lady Janet was moved, and advancing to Lady Langdale's side, she said,

"Take her to her room, poor child, and let her cry. It will do her good. Don't be too much alarmed, little pet. Many a man comes safe out of battle whether it be won or lost. I have seen many of them, alack! and it is never so bad as we think beforehand."

Lady Langdale followed the advice, which was good; but it was nearly two o'clock before Lucy appeared again; and then her eyes were still red with weeping; but the old lady, who had been watching for them, persuaded her to go out into the park.

"It is a fine day," she said, "and if we stroll down to the gates we may meet a messenger from him."

But Lucy had yet to wait, to return to the house, and sit out the tedious dinner which she could not touch. Then she strolled out again, accompanied by her mother and Lady Janet, with good Pierrot following them. At length, however, a young lad dashed up to the gates and pushed them open. He rode at once to the party of ladies, while Pierrot laid his hand upon the pistol in his belt; and a scrap of paper all covered with writing in pencil was soon in Lucy's hand.

"I have joined your father, my beloved," it said; "he is quite well and confident. The King is at Worcester with a fine force, and no enemy between us and him. We shall march on to-morrow, and you shall have our first news; but this is a busy time; and neither ink nor pens to be procured. In case you have any cause for alarm go on to Buckley, as I explained to you. It is your father's advice as well as mine. A guide will meet you at the back postern gate of Child's Wickham. But in case of any evil tidings, which, God forefend, lose no time. Go on at once. We will all join you there. DARTMOOR."

"Ah! dear mother!" said Lucy, with a relieved look, "this is a billet of good augury. At least Bernard says they will all join us at Buckley; and he never promises without performing."

But Lady Langdale was busy reading another letter which the lad had given her. It had evidently been written at different times, though the latter portion bore the date of only a few hours before; but all was cheerful and full of hope, the end even more so than the beginning; for Sir Edward Langdale had by that time seen a part of the King's army; and, as is well known to have been the case with most of the royal officers before the battle of Worcester, was very sanguine of the result. The conversation of the lad who had brought the letters, and who could give a thousand details of all that had taken place since the morning, was soothing and even gay; and during that evening Lucy's character appeared in a far brighter light to Lady Janet than it had done before. When they were about to part for the night, she patted the soft cheek, saying, "I don't wonder the boy loves you, Beauty. But do not be alarmed about him. He is one of those wild good for nothing blades that always come safe out of everything." Thus ended the second of September.

CHAPTER XXIII.

If ever day seemed to break full of calm joy and peace it was on the third of September at Child's Wickham. Not far off, it is true, there fell some rain; and clouds even there, hung upon the edge of the horizon—clouds not heavy and dark, but soft as the night bird's wing, and flecked with golden gleams. There were birds still in song too; and though the nightingale's song had ceased, yet the lark was heard pouring down his cataract of melody from a point far distant in the sky, while his lowly mate sat in the green grass and listened to his song—the image of a contented heart amidst the more ardent joys and ambitious struggles of the world.

Lucy, however, was up early. She could not sleep after the first rays of the sun had entered her chamber, and roused her to a sense of all the troubles and cares of human existence. Rushing upon her as a flood, all the fears and doubts of the preceding day came back; and, almost wondering how she could have slept at all, she found her way out into the park, before any one but herself was up, to indulge in solitude the feelings and the thoughts upon which even her mother's presence was a check.

She could have wept, and perhaps she did; but her tears were not so profuse or painful as those of the day before. They were mingled with hope, with that blessed hope which has not its alternation in despair. She thought of that Almighty hand which rules the destiny of every human being; she thought of the wisdom which rules that hand; she thought of the boundless mercy which brings good out of evil to every creature that puts its trust in it; she thought of the omniscent eye which sees the result of all that the ineffable will orders. No, no, she could not despair. It was no vain expectation—no enthusiastic trust that she could escape sorrow and anxiety in this world of cares and griefs; but it was the firm abiding faith in his wisdom and his goodness who rules over all, which brought back tranquillity, if not happiness. No, she could not despair. Though days of anguish and of terror might be before her she knew where to find support and comfort. She was calmer when she came back to the house; and on the steps which led up to the terrace, she met Lady Langdale, who was calm too, calm, though very grave. Her mother's eyes searched Lucy's face; but she saw that she was more tranquil; and she was glad of what she saw. She spoke to her then, she thought it right to speak to her of all those things which she knew were pressing on her child's heart. But it was all done gently and kindly, as a parent might search an infant's wound.

"My dear Lucy," she said, "you have been seeking comfort, I am sure, where true comfort is to be found. Many a weary hour have I watched, when your father was absent from me, and every hour was full of danger and dismay, when I heard of battles and sieges, and brave men slain, and prisons and trials, and death; and, when I have looked upon the faces of my children, the first question that sprang up in my heart was always, Are they orphans? But I put my trust in God, and God has not abandoned me. His ways are mysterious and past finding out; but still he is wise and merciful, and if we know and feel that every sacrifice we make is made for his service, we may be sure he has a recompense in store for us which, if it come slowly, is sure to come at last. Have I grudged the sacrifice, Lucy, of all in a cause I judge just? Have I withheld my husband? Do I withhold my son? Would you withhold Bernard, even if you could?"

"No, no, dear mother," answered Lucy warmly, "I would not for the brightest day of happiness that life can give. But yet I must feel, dear mother; yet I must tremble when I think that all which makes existence precious is perilled on the events of the next few hours. What would life be without him? and yet it is his very excellence which makes the sacrifice worth offering. I know it, I feel it, and God's will be done. But let us talk no more on these subjects. I wish not to forget, nor to lull myself into repose. I am prepared, and if God spare us, the mercy will be felt doubly because we have experienced the apprehension and the grief."

The coming of Lady Janet, the breakfast hour, and the various little domestic incidents of the morning, afforded some change of thought; but towards noon a season of rumors began. Some of the yeomen and farmers of the neighborhood, with whom the old lady seemed an especial favorite, came in to tell some small bits of news—very often altogether false. The King's army was here, the Parliament forces there; and some said a battle had been fought and won, by this side or that side, according to the hopes or fears of the narrators. But Lady Janet was very shrewd and shook her head.

"The wind is north," she said, "and we can hear the great bell of Worcester when it sets that way. There has been no cannon fired this morning within ten miles of us." But the still increasing rumors, all tending one way, showed the direction of men's minds, and displayed that vague sort of prescience of a great event which has almost always gone before one of the great battles, decisive of the world's or country's fate, even when it takes place most suddenly.

Towards the afternoon the three ladies walked out into the park, followed by good old Master Hardcastle, bearing an ivory-headed stick for the Lady Janet's use when she felt tired, and by Pierrot la Grange, not insufficiently armed for a serving man. Somehow, their walk was still directed towards the gates, or the low wall that divided the park from the Worcester Road. But all was quiet and silent; fewer persons than usual were seen upon the highway; and they were either laborers or market women coming from traffic in a neighboring town. At length, however, a dull sound resembling the commencement of a clap of thunder, but very distant and indistinct, was heard; and Pierrot stopped short, saying in a low voice and broken English, to his companion,

"That is a cannon shot!"

Another and another came; not many but sufficient to show that two hostile forces had met; and Lucy's cheek, pale before, turned still paler, as she listened. Her hands clasped together, and her lips moved as if in prayer. Oh, how many kindly sympathies, how many deep emotions, how much hope, and fear, and loyalty, and enthusiasm were stirred at that moment! What private, what public interests were at stake!

Lady Janet moved towards the house; but Lady Langdale and her child remained to listen. It is a wonderful thing, old age, the tamer of strong passions and high excitements. When the grave is before us—even yawning at our feet, and the passage to another life in all its inevitable plainness is present, the things of the world in which we live lose their fictitious importance; time itself dwindles to a span, and of the warm relations of our natal day some have passed away, and the rest have lost their value. A few short hours, a few short hours and the transitory must give way to the eternal. Hope and fear alike take wing to pass over the dark chasm, and alight upon a rock we faintly see, from which, in the far distance all the flowers of human existence are but as the moss on a barren hill's side.

The old woman could not even fancy the sensations which then moved the hearts of Lucy and her mother, or rather she could not remember them, for they were among the things come and gone, which had flourished and faded. She walked back then to the house, and left them alone, to mark every sight and listen for every sound.

For the first hour or two there was little to be seen or heard; but then some troopers came spurring their weary horses along the road at full speed. They passed without stopping, merely gazing through the bars of the tall iron gates as they went, while several masterless horses, by habit or by instinct, followed at full gallop. Lady Langdale rested her arm upon her daughter's; but neither said a word, and there they stood.

Nearly an hour passed by, and the sky was getting gray with the approach of night, when a large party passed, and then two horsemen appeared; and one drew up at the gates. He seemed faint and weary, or wounded; for he pulled feebly at the gate in vain. He had not strength to open it.

"That is Sergeant Loftus!" exclaimed Pierrot; and he darted forward and pushed open the gates. The other did not come in, but thrust a small scrap of paper into Pierrot's hand, pointed to the two ladies, spoke a few words, and hurried on.

Lady Langdale eagerly caught the paper which Pierrot brought to her.

"From Sir Edward, lady," he said.

But Lucette, what between tears and the fading light could hardly read the few words scrawled in pencil on the page, which seemed torn from a note book.

They were:—

"Fly! fly at once! To Buckley. You will be safe there for a time. All is lost here.

"EDWARD."

There was a dark smear of blood in the corner; and Lady Langdale gazed on it with almost as much emotion as on the fearful lines; but the instant after she turned to look at Lucy.

The poor girl stood still and silent, without a tear. She read a fate in the look of every one; but Lady Langdale spoke the words which Lucy had no heart to put,

"Did he give you any news," she said, "of the Earl; of your young master?"

"None, madam," replied Pierrot; "he seemed to know little but that the battle was lost, and many taken prisoners."

"But not your master?" cried the lady; "not Sir Edward?"

"Oh, no!" replied Pierrot, "he was riding to St. Neots, I think he called the place, with the rest, so I believe he said; but the man was badly wounded, and one could hardly hear him."

Lady Langdale drew Lucy's arm through hers.

"We must fly, my child," she said, "we must fly as we are directed; come, Lucy, our first duty is to obey; let us hope still."

Lucy shook her head mournfully, but suffered her mother to lead her on.

The news spread rapidly in the house. The battle had been lost; and most of the servants gathered in knots, in various halls or rooms to talk and marvel. The servants of Lady Langdale, and the men Bernard had left, with the exception of one, were all activity; and Lady Janet was eager to see the guests depart.

Poor Lucy was very different from what she had appeared at the bedside of her dying brothers. She had then to aid and to support; she had now only to endure; but she let the people round do what they liked with her; and just as night was falling, the whole party were at the back postern door. They lifted Lucy on her horse—a passive, almost unconscious weight in their hands; and then came a momentary pause, during which she looked faintly round her.

There were several horsemen, and her mother, and the maid, and a saddled horse held by the bridle close by her, but by this time it was night, and the shadow of the trees rendered the darkness more profound, so that she could distinguish little else. Just then, there came a sudden burst of light, and a part of the wall seemed to open, disclosing a man in a long russet coat, holding a candle in his hand. A woman's face and form appeared behind him; but in an instant the light was extinguished, and the aperture closed. The man sprang upon the horse with a light bound, and the night ride began.

Through narrow lanes, under overhanging boughs, across brown moors, by the side of glistening waters, for more than two hours they rode on without drawing a rein; and then they paused to let the horses drink. It was a beautiful night, and a beautiful scene; with a high rocky bank rising upon the right at a small distance from the river, with wild shrubs, just tipped and glowing, both with the warm browns of the early autumn and the slant rays of the eastern moon. There was a breeze, too, as warm as summer, playing among the trees, with just strength enough to stir the branches and to ripple into brighter light the stream that flowed quietly along at the horses' feet. But, for poor Lucy Langdale, it had now no charm. Nay, more, it was all sad. Who has not felt that the fairest landscape, the gayest, the brightest scene, has something melancholy and depressing in its very beauty, to those for whom the loveliness of earth has passed away. I think it is Addison who draws a picture of what earth would seem, if the sun were not to bring out the varied colors of the different objects—or rather to give those colors, by the reflection and combination of his own many tinted rays—if all we see were of one dull leaden corpse-like hue. And happiness is the sun of the human heart, without which every hue of beauty is wanting. It had set for poor Lucy Langdale—set as it seemed, for ever.

There had been a dead silence all the way. Not a word had been spoken; for all knew that many an enemy might be near; the tramp of the horses' feet was too much. But as they paused by the stream, Lady Langdale spoke in a low, gentle tone,

"Lucy, my love, you must not give way," she said, "for your father's sake, for your brother's, for mine, for your future duty's sake. God knows what he has in store for you. You must be ready. You must not give way."

"I will not, dear mother," answered Lucy, "but give me a little time;" and she tried to rouse herself. But as they rode on again, bodily strength seemed to fail her, and she swayed in the saddle.

"Are you sleepy, my daughter?" said the monk, who rode by her side.

"Sleepy!" said Lucy, in a tone of wonder almost touching upon contempt, that any one could dream she could sleep at such a time—"sleepy!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Did you ever see a battle, dear reader? Perhaps not; but be assured of this, that wherever or however it happens, it is a very different thing from that which it appears on paper. The eye even of the commander, let him deserve or not deserve the favorite epithet of poets and romance writers, "eagle-eyed," sees comparatively little of what is going on. He divines rather than sees. His orders are given; the regiments may march to obey; some slight intimation, some confusion in the enemy's ranks, some farm house on fire, some colors borne swiftly across the field; the furious galloping of red coats or blue, may tell him whether those orders have been successful or not; but all the rest is smoke, and dust, and confusion. Each body of men may see all that is going on immediately around them, but they rarely see much further; and all that their General can tell, like all that the historian relates, are the general facts. The highest topped hill, the clearest eye, the strongest spy-glass cannot take in all.

I cannot describe the battle of Worcester, for I was not there, and historians are as great liars as novelists. I would not if I could; for, right or wrong, I have described too many battles already: but I may attach myself for a little time to a small group, and try to state what became of the men of which it was composed.

I will not keep my listeners long with the details of such an uninteresting thing as fighting. This shall be a short chapter—the shortest, perhaps that ever was written, except some in the best book of Sir Edward Lytton, who, with wonderful skill, knows how to present a perfect picture to the reader's eye, and to stop the moment that picture is complete.

It was towards the last hour of the day; the last fatal charge had been made, and the genius of Cromwell, and the steady discipline of his veteran troops had in reality triumphed over the enthusiastic but irregular resistance of his opponents. A large body of Cavaliers, as is well known, were driven back almost to the walls of Worcester, and there penned up, either to surrender at discretion or to stand the murderous charge of the superior and victorious army. The thunder-cloud was but hanging for a moment, ready to descend, when a small knot of officers held hasty consultation in front of the broken royalist line.

"Let us yield," said an old man; "it is vain to resist. The cannon are all taken, my lord; the King, pray God, has fled; the right is in disorder; the left in total rout. We have nothing for it, but to yield on the best terms we may. Shall I raise a white flag?"

"Yield!" cried the Earl of Dartmoor. "Sir, I never yielded, and will not begin to-day. I can die here or yonder, but I do not yield. Sir Edward, one word with you," and he spoke a few words apart to Sir Edward Langdale. All that was heard by those around was—"Cut our way through—I have done it before—it is quite possible." Then came a few words unheard, and then he said, "As short as possible. Give one to Sergeant Loftus. He is stout and unhurt. The other to Strange. His left arm is broken, but he fears not wounds, and may make his way through. Some must fall of course, but let the rest push on at once. Henry's right hand is useless. You lead his horse. I will protect the rear. If you see them again, my best and dearest love. Say I died as a soldier should die. Now write, for I cannot. My hand is hurt. I will order the men."

Sir Edward tore some leaves from his note-book, and wrote hastily the words we have seen, on three separate pages; but in the meantime the Earl rode hastily along the front, speaking some words of bold courage to the men, and then resumed his place. All passed in a few moments, and then waving his sword over his head, he exclaimed—

"They are thin and broken in the centre. Charge there, my lads; charge there, and we will cut through. Heaven! they are bringing the cannon against us. Charge, for your lives!"

More than three hundred stuck their spurs into their horses' sides, and were hurled like a thunderbolt against the long and now irregular line of infantry in front. But they were opposed to tried and veteran troops. A steady fire, a row of bristling pikes met the advancing horse, and many a saddle was left vacant in that desperate charge. The men dashed on, it is true, no one wavered or drew the rein; but not more than fifty appeared on the other side of the Parliamentarian line. Even then, there was a strong body of horse at some distance on their right flank, and a nearer but not numerous force of musketeers upon the left.

Still Sir Edward Langdale, holding his son's bridle in his left hand, was at the head of the troop; and still the Earl of Dartmoor, supported by two or three gallant soldiers, dashed out from the cloud of enemies. It was now a chase for life. The hostile cavalry wheeled as if to pursue; but by the order of some one—who it was is not known—maintained their ground. But the musketeers, seeing they could not come up with them, poured a terrible fire upon their flank. Many a bullet told, and many a horseman fell, but on rode Sir Edward, till he thought that flight was open, and he exclaimed,

"Now scatter! We give them too good a mark in this close order. Bernard, for Heaven's sake come up!"

As he spoke, he looked round to the young Earl, who, the last man of all the troop, was riding quietly, without the slightest sign of hurry or dismay.

Too glad to escape the balls which were pouring fast among them, the men dispersed, and Sir Edward saw them gallop off, each seeking some place of refuge except two or three who followed him close; he himself spurred on. Still gazing back, however, there was another volley from the musketeers. It was distant, and not very well directed. The balls passed innocuous behind the good Knight and his son and the few men near them. But Lord Dartmoor was riding at the distance of some forty or fifty yards, and Sir Edward saw him and his horse stagger and roll over on the ground. For an instant, the Knight checked his horse; and his first impulse was to ride back to aid his noble friend; but he looked at his wounded son, who was pale and weak with loss of blood; and his heart was torn with contending feelings.

"Oh, save him, father, save him," cried the

generous boy, who at once divined what was passing in his father's bosom.

Sir Edward turned his horse, but one of his men caught the bridle, crying, almost angrily,

"Are you mad, sir? Do you not see the pikemen are coming up? You cannot reach him."

It was too true, and with a heavy sigh, and an exclamation of "God's will be done!" Sir Edward grasped his son's rein, almost convulsively, and rode on.

"Poor Lucy!" murmured Henry Langdale, and he shut his eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859.

TERMS.

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	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

DICKENS'S NEW STORY.

Thinking that a number of our readers might wish to peruse Dickens's new story, "A Tale of Two Cities," we have concluded to publish it weekly as it appears. The first number will be found in the present paper. We are indebted for it to the new periodical, "All The Year Round."

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The late news from Europe is of rather a startling character. While the editorial admirers of Louis Napoleon on this side of the Atlantic, were busily engaged inditing laudatory articles, showing how subtle and profound and adroit a statesman he was—how he was amusing and cajoling England and Austria with subterfuges and lies, in order to gain time to complete his warlike preparations, when he would be ready and able to *dictate* the terms of peace—the news came that Austria had resolved no longer to be cajoled, but had offered Sardinia, including of course her French ally, the instant alternative of either Peace or War.

We have never been an admirer of the government and policy of Austria—but we must confess that in the present case, we can but respect the bold manliness of her position. Menaced by Louis Napoleon, she has gone silently but grimly to work to collect her resources—has prepared herself for hostilities, in less time than her enemies—and has thus made herself, to use the French phrase, "master of the situation." All those fine-spun, cobwebbian schemes of Louis Napoleon have not deceived her in the least—she has allowed him to plan, and to talk, and to propose Congresses, while she, wasting no time in useless regrets or vain entreaties, has arrayed herself in complete steel, and given her antagonists three days to decide whether they will disarm at once, or encounter the brunt of immediate hostilities.

Whatever the English press may say at the first, in regard to this movement of Austria's, they must admit upon reflection, that it is the wisest and safest course she could possibly have pursued. If France and Sardinia were bent on war, a month's delay would not have averted it, but only served to make their demands more exacting—while such delay would have tended to dishearten the troops and people of Austria. And, although the latter may be the first to *declare* war—she was not the first to *make* it—her position having been from the beginning the defensive and not the offensive one.

The issue of war is always uncertain—for "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Neither is it true, as the first Napoleon somewhat profanely said, that Providence is generally on the side of the heaviest battalions. In the many wars between France and England, for instance, the former power has generally had the most numerous forces, while the latter has always triumphed. In the present case, however, the contending forces are not very unequal. Austria will be supported almost undoubtedly by Prussia and the rest of Germany. Neither England nor Germany, for that matter, dare let Austria be beaten to the ground. However England may disapprove of the commencement of actual hostilities by Austria, the manliness of that action will touch a responsive chord in her own bosom. And if Russia, to gratify her old Crimean grudge, and to enlarge her dominions, takes the side of France, England cannot avoid throwing her weight in the opposite scale, and thus determining the contest.

In fact, if this war has been really begun, it may result very differently from what is generally anticipated. What if it should end in defeat for France, in the momentary crushing of the military power of that nation, and in the unpopularity, dethronement and exile of Louis Napoleon? Stranger things than these have happened. For our part, we should not be surprised if all those editors who are now so profoundly impressed with the wonderful ability of the Emperor of the French—simply because he keeps his own secrets, and seems to be successful—should in the course of another ten years, find out that he was a shallow pretender, a merely adroit and cunning charlatan, with no real depth of sagacity and discernment. Certainly they will think so, if the result of his present movement against Austria should be as profoundly disastrous as it easily may be—for his position is such, that a great reverse will almost inevitably tumble him from his throne. His power is not the assured power of a dynasty, but the tottering seat of an usurper. So long as he succeeds, all is well with him—but failure, it seems to us, must involve his ruin. He is not popular with those makers of revolutions, the workmen of the capital,—nor with the mercantile and moneyed classes. The army once broken, or out of France, what wild work may not take place any day in Paris?

THE OPERA.

Mr. Ullman commenced a short operatic season on Monday night of last week, with a remarkably fine company, in some respects, numbering among lesser stars, Laborde, Gazzaniga, Adelaide Phillips, Carl Formes, Florenza, and the new tenors Stefani and Sbriglia.

On Friday evening, the first of our attendance. Flotow's comic opera of *Martha* was given in beautiful style, with Laborde, Phillips, Formes and Sbriglia.

Martha is the production of an amateur, and is not in any respect great, but it is lively, and graceful, and contains some charming airs. Laborde sang and acted very finely. Her vocalization is still remarkably brilliant, but her voice has lost some of its early freshness. Miss Phillips sings delightfully, and her acting has gained in grace and animation since we saw her a year ago. Signor Sbriglia sang carefully and acted sufficiently well his rather lugubrious *rôle*. But the opera would have been nothing without the grand voice and rich humor of Carl Formes. His fun was a little defiant of "high art," and the proprieties, it is true, but very natural, contagious and enjoyable.

We have never seen our noble opera house present a finer appearance than on this night. The audience was large, and there was an imposing display of brilliant toilets among the ladies.

How is it that Mr. Ullman with his quick understanding of the delicate and eccentric currents of public taste, and his Napoleonic energies, has failed to make Biscaccianti a member of his company? She would certainly make a great hit in Boston and in Philadelphia also, we think, could her marvellous voice once have the opportunity of waking the echoes of our beautiful Academy. Cannot we have her in *Riggoletto*, *Lucia*, or *Somnambula* before the season closes?

THE PICTORIAL NUISANCE.—The "North American" of this city says:—

Every man of sensibility, or even sense, must have suffered not a little during the late and current rage for pictorial illustration on the part of the sensation journals of the weekly sort. It has come to be dangerous even to do a good action, since the rarity of the deed may bring down upon any, even the humblest in society, the pursuit of Leslie or Harper, and he may wake up some fine day to see hundreds of horrid counterfeits of his physiognomy on posts and corners about the city, for sale. * * *

The issue of the weekly struggle now in progress, and of the weeklies generally and particularly, which now overflow us, we cannot easily foresee. Something of their sort is evidently demanded by the weekly side of human nature, but if it is to survive long, it is earnestly to be hoped that the pictorial side may pass away. No right-minded man can countenance the display of grotesque countenances which every week's issue brings to light anew. Not only is the natural ugliness of the person illustrated sure to be given by somebody, but all imaginable forms of caricature and distortion find a place in one or another of these publications. A criminal becomes tenfold more a criminal by this multitude of horrid forms he is made to put on.

If these pictorial nuisances, especially so far as representations of the atrocious and the horrible are concerned, are not yet "run into the ground," they ought to be. The place of such engravings could be far better supplied with entertaining and instructive reading. The criminal departments of *Art*, should be left to the Police Gazettes, where they may do some service in their way—but not brought into the higher and more refined organs of literature, designed for the library and the parlor. The lady who, according to a recent anecdote, wrapped up her muddy overshoes in one of these sensation pictorials, when it was handed to her, had a correct idea not only of Art, but of what was due to her own self-respect.

A PICTURE OF WAR.—A correspondent of the *Press*, of this city, who is now travelling in Europe, writes as follows:—

I think we must have met along the roads and in the fields, twelve women to one man. They are left at home to loneliness and labor, while the men perish in the army. Conscription is very active just now, and Sardinia has called out the seventh class. It scarcely ever goes beyond the *second or third*, I am told.

I recollect, when in Savoy, meeting troops of young conscripts, many of whom were mere lads, whose eyes were red and swollen with the bitterness of sundered ties. And the other day, as I went to Cannes, in the south of France, I met numbers of the same class, some of whom had, for the moment, drowned their sorrows in drink, and were shouting with affected carelessness, while many walked sad and dejected. It was touching to see by the roadside, a mother and an old grandmother giving their last tearful counsel to a lad, whose drooping head told of the smothered conflict within. How painful are such sights! They make one long for the day when the "sword shall be beaten into the ploughshare, and the nations shall learn war no more."

And what is to be gained by this sacrifice of the young hope of Italy and France? According to all appearances, Nothing. "Mere lads" are to be torn from their homes—and husbands and fathers from wives and children—and all for what? Merely because Louis Napoleon is restless, or ambitious, or fears to allow France a moment of repose, lest she should begin to reflect coolly upon the events of the last ten years—and to ask herself how the man she elected President, had become an absolute Emperor. Well, there may be at least one good result; we may see "the engineer hoist with his own petard."

IS IT NOT THE BETTER WAY?—An erring young woman in Philadelphia, a month or two ago, died under the treatment of one of those self-styled "doctoresses," who infest every large city. The doctoress was tried on a charge of murder by one of our city courts, found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary. The trial was reported briefly in our daily papers, no unusual attention was attracted to it by large headings and exciting editorials, and it was as a consequence scarcely mentioned in general conversation. And yet a directly opposite course might have been pursued by the press, daily and weekly, with a directly opposite effect. From the first report of the case, to the end of the trial, a prominent place might have been given to it, and heading after heading have concentrated the attention of the reading public upon it. The trial and speeches of counsel, with all the most loathsome particulars, might have been minutely given—and the whole revolting affair thus made a subject of common conversation in every street and in every family. Further, the weekly papers might have given portraits of the principal parties concerned, with pictures of the locality where the foul deed was done, and perhaps even of the instruments employed. By pursuing this "*enterprising*" course, and thus pandering to a depraved taste for moral and intellectual garbage, a large number of extra copies might have been sold. But would not the effect upon the community have been demoralizing in the extreme? Can any sensible person, not blinded by the profits of the course in question, doubt that such would be the result? And, therefore, is not the old, Philadelphia way of treating such matters—which, if the public at large do not alter their course, will probably not long continue to be the Philadelphia way—the best for the cause of virtue and sound morals? If you think so, reader, then act accordingly—for your *act*, and not your *thought*, will influence the press of the country.

AN EXPLANATION WANTED.—The writers of the "money articles" for the daily papers, are generally supposed to be wonderful financial sages; and yet every six months or so, we are apt to see a paragraph in their discoursings, somewhat like the following, which we recently clipped from a daily contemporary:—

The May dividends have added some three-quarters of a million of dollars to the money in the market, but no immediate effect is thereby produced upon the money market, which, so far as good paper is concerned, can hardly be expected to be any easier than it has been for several weeks past.

Now we would like to know how the May dividends could "add some three-quarters of a million to the money in the market?" Certainly, if that large amount were "added," it was a little strange that no effect was produced—and we remember that this is the old story, "no effect produced," with which we are favored about twice a year. Is it possible that the "money article" men are such financial ignoramuses as these semi-annual humbuggisms would imply. If the payment of the semi-annual dividends has any effect at all, it is evident that it must be to take money *out of*, instead of putting it *in*, the "money market." But, for that matter, probably nine-tenths of the money taken out of the banks in the shape of dividends, is put back the very same day in the shape of deposits. Even where real estate is purchased with it, the man who sells the real estate puts the money received by him at once into bank. We wonder if the "money articles" of the daily papers are not made up on the same principle as the predictions of the weather in the almanacs? There is about as much reliance to be placed upon the one as the other—with the exception that the weather prediction-makers are generally entirely impartial, while the money and stock soothsayers are generally just the reverse.

☞ An Italian correspondent of the Press, says: "At Nice I met the gentleman from whom Ruffini drew his picture of 'Dr. Antonio.' He is an Italian physician, originally from Naples, has been much in England and Scotland, is very talented and handsome, and a great favorite among the British ladies." It will be a great comfort to many tender-hearted damsels, to know that the real Dr. Antonio is not yet dead.

Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.
—*Lord Lyttleton.*
—*Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus.*

☞ A teacher wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster cast his shell when he has outgrown it, said, "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no!" replied the little one, "we *let out the tucks!*"

☞ The poorest education that teaches self-control, is better than the best that neglects it.

☞ Childlikeness is ever beautiful, whether in a being of five years, or of five times ten years.

☞ A modern tourist calls Niagara river "the pride of waters." That pride certainly has a tremendous fall.—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ God made the country, and man made the town.—*Cowper.—The Task.*

☞ CAUSTIC.—A lady called on a witty friend who was not at home, and finding the piano dusty, wrote upon it *flattery*. The next day they met, and the lady said, "I called on you yesterday." "Yes; I saw your card on the piano."

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

S. C. T. Write to J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers, of this city. They can supply it probably if any publisher can.

C. H. We have already said that we know nothing of the whereabouts of the Association in question.

ELLEN. We know nothing on the subject, but will give you the following from a London paper: "In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water, with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time to ensure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effectual in promoting a transparent and fair surface. If engaged in any accidental pursuit which may hurt the color of the hands, or if they have been exposed to the sun, a little lemon juice will restore their whiteness for the time: and Windsor soap is proper to wash them with. Almond paste is of essential service in preserving the delicacy of the hands. It is made thus: Blanch and beat up four ounces of bitter almonds, add to them three ounces of lemon juice, three ounces of almond oil, and a little weak spirit of wine. The following is a serviceable pomade for rubbing the hands on retiring to rest: Take two ounces of sweet almonds, beat with three drachms of white wax, and three drachms of spermaceti, put up carefully in rose-water." Of course we blame no lady for desiring to keep her hands soft and white—a pretty hand is a very pretty thing. Doing your duty, however, in the situation in life in which your Maker has placed you, is decidedly more important and necessary to your happiness, here and hereafter, than even having pretty hands. There is no reason, however, why your hands should not be as pretty as you can make them with a reasonable degree of care and attention. Beauty has a wonderful degree of influence over the heart of man—and the finest men, as a rule, feel its influence most.

JOHN. Soap is the best article we ever used as a dentrifice. You can buy a carefully prepared soap at the perfumers, manufactured expressly for cleaning the teeth. Soap is said to be, we know not how truly, the only article that will kill the minute animalcules which infest the teeth, and yet not injure, as acids do, the teeth themselves. We have used the soap in question for several years, and are perfectly satisfied with it so far. With most of the dentists' preparations, you become dissatisfied in a year or two. Be careful not to eat your food too hot, if you would preserve your teeth. Rinsing the mouth with cold water after every meal, is a good and cleanly practice.

HISTORY. Wellington won the field of Waterloo as much, if not more, by the stubborn, bulldog courage of the English soldiery, than by any exhibition of great generalship. He was doubtless, however, as a general, only second to Napoleon in those great wars. One strikes you more as a man of talent, the other as a man of genius. We believe they never were opposed to each other on any other field than Waterloo. For our part, we believe that Providence had ordained the defeat of Napoleon—and that the failure of Grouchy to come up until too late, was really providential.

BLUE RIVER. It is altogether impossible for us to advise you how you can best make a living. If you send articles to editors, and never hear from them, we should think that was answer enough. It would be more courteous, doubtless, for said editors to answer your epistles, but you must remember that it takes time to write letters, and if an editor were to answer all his correspondents as fully as they might like, he would often be unable to do anything else. If your articles are worth much, you will never find difficulty in hearing from those you send them to. As to literary compensation, it is according to circumstances. Writers of the first class are amply paid; writers of the second and third class, slimly paid; writers of lower merit not paid at all. It is a disheartening employment, that of a literary drudge.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Washington Irving has published the fifth and last volume of his LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. (G. P. Putnam, New York.) It is the sunset glory of his literary career. The pen drops from his hand, and henceforth, leaning back in his easy chair, an old man, with "all that should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," he rests from his labors.

In the fifth volume the story of Washington's administration is told in tranquil prose. It is a quiet narrative, given without acrimony or partisanship;—the simple details narrated simply. Everywhere, the heroic and manly traits of Washington's character come out in warm colors and soft lines of light; so that the work is in a sense corollary to Everett's oration on the same theme. Only the oration sets Washington in the mind, a statue, while this memoir puts him there, a picture.

Once upon a time, as the fairy stories say, Louis Napoleon—yes, even Louis Napoleon—believed in "the solidarity of the race"—held with Pascal that "the human race is a man who never dies, and always advances toward perfection"—declared himself a friend of liberty and progress. While he was in this blissful state of opinion—that is to say in 1839, when he was simply Prince Louis Napoleon, and an exile in Brussels—he wrote a book, entitled NAPOLEONIC IDEAS. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) The title promises deliciously, for since Louis Napoleon has become a disciple of Pythagoras, eloquently silent, or when speaking, so close a practiser of Talleyrand's maxim that the use of language is to conceal thought, who would not consult the work of the Prince if there were any reasonable hope of getting a clue to the ideas of the Emperor? It turns out, however, that the book is devoted to an exposition of the ideas which shaped and impelled the governmental policy of the first Napoleon. How far the present Emperor is at one with those ideas is still an open question. His book has the twofold character of being a philosophical analysis of the Consulate and the Empire, and a vigorous statement of the aims, position, and achievements of Napoleon, and it is certainly very interesting. Some of the views advanced are striking. For instance, America and Russia are the only two nations which fulfil well their providential mission: America winning to civilization through liberty the vast territory of the New World; Russia, through despotism, withdrawing her vast Empire from barbarism. This was written in 1839. France, then, the author says, had for her prospective mission the establishment and advancement of civilization throughout Europe. The great aim of the first Napoleon was liberty—an aim only adjourned till public order, the primary condition through which liberty is to be attained, was secured and made stable. Napoleon, the author tells us, could not, nor could any other ruler, have established liberty in Europe at once, because forms of government are not dependent upon the will or wish of any man, however great, but upon the general state of society. All Napoleon could do was to organize according to the conditions of the time, and gradually found institutions and educate minds which would make free government possible. This was the great task Waterloo arrested. But this is still France's mission. Stable social, communal and commercial order first, which will render revolutions impossible; then, proceed by process to liberty! Such, crudely sketched, is the leading idea of this remarkable work, which may possibly indicate the settled policy and purpose of the present Emperor, and which at anyrate, may be taken into consideration in settling our opinions of the first Napoleon.

Among the humors of advertising in this nineteenth century, which pastes placards on the Pyramids and plays fantastic tricks with the type and space of newspapers—the recent firing off of a park of artillery in one of the public grounds by a New York publishing house, followed by a prodigious puff of self-gratulation and explosion of adjectives in the public journals, deserves conspicuous notice. This same publishing house (S. A. Rollo & Co.,) has just issued its first book, FROM WALL STREET TO CASHMERE, FIVE YEARS IN ASIA, AFRICA, AND EUROPE, by JOHN B. IRELAND, a good specimen of bibliographical beauty. The work itself is not much, the author having been content to empty his loose memoranda, jottings, and bald abstracts of the incidents and scenes of travel into book-form; but the binding, printing, title-paging, and et cetara of publication, are really very handsome.

Another handsome book—brown covers, red-edges, salmon-colored paper, and clear, black type—is THE POEMS OF ALBERT LAIGHTON. (Brown, Taggart & Chase, Boston.) The author whose volume comes thus beautifully clothed, is a young New Englander, with some local, and some newspaper fame. His song is gentle and thoughtful. A young poet may be forgiven some rococo imagery—some mention of the "ice-king" and the "storm-king" and the like—when, as in this case, his verse is pure and humane, appealing to our best instincts and noblest sentiments. But still as a young republican poet he must owe no fealty to either "ice-kings" or "storm-kings," whose day is really gone by.

Amidst the battle of the big dictionaries, one little square slab of a dictionary comes riding in, sounding a vigorous trumpet, as anybody who sees its preface will concede. It is THE AMERICAN PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY by ALEXANDER H. LAIDLAW, A. M. (Crissy & Markley, Philada.) It designates the variable, contested and difficult spellings; gives the irregular inflections, primary and secondary accents, corresponding conjunctions and adverbs, etc., and is suitable for the use of schools.

All persons having any solicitude for Slick of Connecticut, and eager for the fun of a farce without the trouble of the theatre, may consult to their advantage an account of HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK BY JONATHAN SLICK, ESQ. (T. B. Peterson, Philada.)

Among the foreign magazines the month brings forth are BLACKWOOD and THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. (Leonard Scott & Co., New York; Zieber, Philada.) Among the domestic we have THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER, (Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston) and THE PRESBYTERIAN QUARTERLY REVIEW. (Benj. J. Wallace, Philada.) The Examiner, ever as liberal in spirit as able and scholarly, has an appreciative account of the labors of the Methodist Bishop Asbury—the Pioneer Bishop, and a leader in Israel. There is also a fine review of the new life of Milton by Prof. Masson. The Presbyterian sums up very fairly between Judge Wilson's History of the Spanish Conquest, and Prescott's, admitting, as must be admitted, the force of many of Wilson's criticisms, and finding Prescott scarcely reliable. The Presbyterian has also a generous welcome for Motley's splendid History of the Dutch Republic, about which all Holland is in great enthusiasm, as it ought to be.

NATURE never made
A heart of marble but in its fissures sows
The wild flower Love; from whose rich seeds spring forth
A world of mercies and sweet charities.
—*Barry Cornwall.*

☞ "Have you heard my last *sell?*" asked a wag who was noted for joking at the expense of other people's feelings. "No," replied Simon, "but I *saw the grating over its windows* the last time I passed the penitentiary."

☞ Health constitutes the happiness of the body; virtue that of the mind.

☞ MAN THE ONLY PROGRESSIVE CREATED BEING.—The bees now build exactly as they built in the time of Homer; the bear is as ignorant of good manners as he was two thousand years past; and the baboon is as unable to read and write as persons of honor and quality were in the time of Queen Elizabeth.—*Sydney Smith.*

☞ This is not an age when any opinion, scientific, or religious, needs ask permission to live.

COTTON IN ALGERIA.—The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune gives the following information touching the experiment of raising cotton in Algeria:—

"The French Government has decided that hereafter the premiums paid for the cultivation of cotton in Algeria shall be abolished. Although the Moniteur boasts that while 1,014,000 pounds of cotton was grown in Algeria in 1854, and 1,560,000 pounds in 1857, and the crop of 1858 will be still larger, there seems to be little question that the experiment has proved a costly failure, and the Government regards money spent on this crop as treasure thrown away. The decree hints the Government will soon cease to buy the cotton in that colony; at present it is under obligation to buy all the cotton raised there. Therefore, in a year or two this experiment of the French will share the fate of their other costly experiments."

THE Hamilton (Iowa) Freeman, says: A friend of ours lately saw over one hundred swans floating on one of the prairie ponds a mile or two this side of Wall Lake.

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR G. H.—

Last week commenced the Annual Exhibition of our Academy of Fine Arts. This is always a season of much enjoyment to Philadelphians. The pleasant rooms of the Academy are thronged daily and nightly—not alone by connoisseurs and art-lovers, but by elegant young gentlemen, fashionable dames, and fair young belles, who find here an agreeable place for lounging and promenading, gossip and incipient flirtation. Comparatively few come with the one sole absorbing object of seeing and studying the works of art—many come with divided hearts and vague, unfixed thoughts, and stroll, or sit here for an hour or so, their quiet, indifferent gaze sliding from picture to picture, and meeting the marble with answering coldness—nowhere lighting with generous enthusiasm—nowhere deepening with thoughtful appreciation of the artist's glorious aspiration and noble toil.

Yet it is the divine nature of Art to win its way finally by a thousand subtle processes into the most worldly and torpid heart—to send through it faint thrills of poetic sentiment, and sting it with a noble discontent,—and to visit with some dim perceptions of a higher life the most vain and common-place mind. Slow are these processes, and often unconsciously undergone. Art "does its spiriting gently," but effectively—its influence is regenerative, purifying, elevating,—and, like God's grace, it is free to all—is meant for all. There is hope in it for even rich parvenues, fast young men and fashionable ladies—a hope that however they may begin, they may at last come to love good pictures and noble statuary, not for ostentation's sake, or fashion's sake, but for Beauty's sake alone; Beauty, whose worship is the religion of sense—whose manifestation in nature *everywhere* is the finishing, approving smile of Deity, the love-light of the Divine—whose revelations through human genius, are pure Evangels from the "Oversoul."

It seems to me that I can see from year to year, among the frequenters of the Academy, a cheering increase of interest and appreciation. The exhibition is regarded less and less as a pretty show, and more as a school, for earnest, reverent study of the beautiful and grand.

Do you know that we have in Philadelphia two of the greatest landscape painters living? They are Paul Weber, a German, and James Hamilton—an American, thank Heaven!

Nothing can be more opposite than the styles of these two artists. Weber usually paints lovely peaceful pictures,—be they sunny, or cloudy, they are filled with a delicious spirit of harmony and quietude. They show ever a close, affectionate study of Nature, and are marvelously true to her, in the smallest details of drawing, composition and color. Nothing can be more exquisite it seems to me, even in the best English landscapes, than his woodland, or riverside views—such deep, cool recesses of summer verdure—such inviting softness of grassy sward, and mossy bank—such golden shafts, such bounteous bursts of sunlight, such gleaming, silvery glimpses of waterfalls, such broad, pellucid expanses of lake and stream. He is never intense. His sunsets never set the heavens on fire. There is ever a veil of softness—infinitely fine and delicate, yet still a veil, drawn between your eye and the blazing glories of the west. His autumnal scenes, however gorgeous, have never those glaring, flaming effects which pain the eye in the pictures of inferior artists;—there is no blinding sheen of excessive light on lake and stream. You can look far down into the waves, and through the soft mist of the cascade.

However true to nature are Weber's pictures, they are never literal transcripts, but give the refined soul of the scene—all hardness softened, all rudeness and jaggedness touched with beauty. Every scene is a bit of Arcadia, over which float light, lovely clouds, and bends a soft benignant sky. I have never yet found on his canvas scenes of terrible grandeur or wild desolation,—awful mountain peaks, "blasted heaths," raging torrents, gloomy gorges, or black, tempestuous skies. He revels in sunshine and beauty. His greatest creations are not grand epics, but sweet pastoral poems. His genius is not Homeric, but Wordsworthian.

The pictures of this artist are among the envied luxuries of our rich citizens. Whoever owns one, owns a fairy estate of perpetual summer bloom and verdure—a little elysium of unfading beauty and unfailing delight. They are made for drawing-rooms and homes;—they not only adorn a house, but actually add to its comfort. They warm you in Winter and cool you in Summer.

I have an invalid friend who has long been a close prisoner in her chamber—where tender love has surrounded her with many beautiful objects of art, as divine ministrants to her gentle patient spirit, lest in these long years of captivity and pain, it should languish with the body. Opposite her bed hang two of Weber's pictures, which she gazes on, and dreams back the old life of freedom and beauty. In chill, dark Winter days, their sunlight never fails her, and seems to diffuse a soft, balmy warmth through the chamber. In hot Summer days, from their deep, leafy shades seem to come sweet woodland airs, and from their dashing waters to float out a delicious humidity, a sort of spiritual spray, marvelously cooling and refreshing.

Mr. Hamilton is most known as a Marine painter. He has evidently an overpowering passion for the sea. He is familiar with it in all its features and changes—billow and breaker, sliding ripple and fringing surf—storm and calm, shadow and shine. It sets in upon his pictures somewhere almost always—it sometimes sweeps over the whole length and breadth of the canvas, dividing the scene only with the sky, majestic with the solemn glories of night, or magnificent with the splendors of sunset. Ah, such sunsets as he paints!—such gorgeous cloud-holocausts, and fiery transfigurations of day. You look far away into deeps of splendor—purple and gold, rose and amethyst,—the sky rolls in surges of burning red—the leaden waves of the sea are transmuted into gold. Yet this blaze of intense light and color

does not strike back your gaze, does not scorch the eye; all is in such perfect harmony—so indisputably within the compass of truth and every one's observation, that you recognize it at once as the fervid sun-heat of nature and genius, not the miserable furnace-blast of imitation and conventional art.

In some of the small and most sketchy pictures of Mr. Hamilton there are absolutely titanesque effects. Nothing is petty, or confined—all is large and expansive. The clouds are piled in mighty masses—the sea has infinite sweep and immeasurable volume.

We have a little picture of his, which if I gaze upon for awhile, seems magically to expand, from wall to wall, and floor to ceiling, till I look over a broad lagoon, along the luminous path of a descending sun, far away to a dim rocky shore, to woods and mountains misty with distance—till the mimic sunset becomes real, and the air around me is transfused with rosy and golden light.

Though all Mr. Hamilton's pictures are beautiful, and some overflow with a peculiar poetic beauty, tender, dreamy and sensuous, they are always rich, strong and individual—always give one the impression of resources exhaustless almost as those of Nature herself. They have always those large effects—the bold, outstriking of adventurous power, the ease and dash, careless, yet unerring, which evidence true mastership in art.

"Yes," say the connoisseurs, "Hamilton is a genius, and would be a great painter, if he would only *finish* his pictures." Ay, "there's the rub." He is too soon *satisfied*, or dissatisfied with his creations—or his genius is too prodigal and impetuous to submit itself to the severe conditions of art, the patient brooding, the long *toil*, the slow results. In what he does accomplish, he seems to work by strange processes, and a sort of weird power, peculiar to himself. It is said that he can never impart his method to a pupil. It is doubtful whether he understands it himself. I cannot think of him as actually drawing and painting, working out and elaborating his pictures, like other artists,—I imagine him as standing like a Prospero before his easel, conjuring the very elements. He waves his pencil or his maul-stick, and the sea comes surging in upon his canvas—winds sweep across it, the sun bursts over it, or the moon swims majestically into the scene.

Like Prospero, he can call spirits "from the vasty deep," fill the sky with blackness and the air with tempest at his will.

He rarely introduces human figures, but whenever he does, it is with peculiar purpose and effect—to heighten the tragedy, or relieve the oppressive loneliness of a scene. One of his greatest pictures represents a shipwrecked party, upon a raft, floating blindly on a sullen, subsiding sea, over which the sun is sinking, in pitiless splendor. As you gaze at this, you instinctively place yourself with the shipwrecked group—you watch with them that cruel sunset pageant—with them you look wearily over the world of waters and into the dark, awful deeps around,—their desolation encompasses you, their despair settles down upon your soul.

The greatest picture which Mr. Hamilton exhibits this year, and the greatest I have yet seen from his easel, is a large Marine View, by moonlight. Night is most wonderfully represented, in the heavens above, and the waters below,—but the sublime loneliness, the solemn peace of sea and sky is broken, by that awfulest scene of human conflict, a naval engagement. The picture represents the capture of the *Serapis*, by the *Bon-homme Richard*, commanded by that indomitable sea-lion, that half mythical hero, Paul Jones.

The French ship, dismantled, torn and riddled, is belching out fire and smoke, crimsoning the crests of the waves and the white moonlight, and painting the clouds with a fearful glare. The flames seem to me to be of a peculiar ghastly red, as though colored by the blood they have licked up from the steaming decks.

But it is impossible to describe this picture—its power, its terror, its tragedy. It fills one's soul with majestic images of Nature, and with a horror of fierce human passions, which can so desecrate her sublimities of loveliness, calm and silence. It impresses one profoundly with the almost divine scope and power of human genius.

How strange it seems to think that this vivid tremendous scene was only a little season ago, but a vague possibility in the poet artist's brain; that these profound seas were but wandering dream-waves, these huge masses of cloud, but floating mists—that this solemn moonlight, these marvelous shadows of night slept in the "mind's eye," and lurked in the still chambers of the soul.

How strange it seems to think of the *Bon-homme Richard* called from the deep into which it sunk, and of the *Serapis* from the rain and rottenness into which it long ago passed, to be fixed upon the canvas, in all the terrible splendor of their hour of conflict. This is the mighty magic of genius, to whom the mysterious store-houses of nature are thrown open—to whom the creative elements are subject—to whom is accorded the gift of miracles, the power of resurrection.

Another of Mr. Hamilton's paintings in this exhibition, called "A Breezy Day," strikes me as remarkably fine. There is wonderful life and motion about the picture—such a wild sweep of winds and hurry-skurry of waves and scudding of sails. A perfect treasure of art, were this for an inland drawing-room, in the dog-days. The sight of it would be equal to a snuff of sea-air at any time.

But I have left myself no time to speak of other artists and pictures—and you have probably had "sufficient for the day." So we will leave the Academy with an *au revoir*.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

☞ He who possesses the divine powers of the soul is a great being, be his place what it may. You may clothe him with rags, may immure him in a dungeon, may chain him to slavish tasks; but he is still great. You may shut him out of your houses, but God opens to him heavenly mansions.—*Channing.*

☞ The Dignity of Intellect.—Either there is dignity in intellectual rank or there is not; if there is, no other rank is needed; if there is not, no other rank can give it; for dignity is not an accident, but a quality.—*G. H. Lewes.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

The Absorbing Topic—A New Potentate—A Curious Confession—A Primitive Ceremony—A Wilful Young Gentleman—A Writer Gone—A Musical Dramatist.

Paris, April 14, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

I need hardly say that the question of "peace or war?" is still the all-absorbing topic here. The Conference on the settlement of the affairs of the Danubian Principalities, has just held its second session, and has sanctioned the double election of Colonel Couza, reserving, however, the question of the national rights involved in this step. The general opinion seems to be that, irregular as the double election of Colonel Couza undoubtedly is, the Great Powers have acted wisely in refusing to complicate the present unpleasant state of affairs by declaring it invalid. Even the Porte, feeling its *own* share in the unfavorable chances that would menace its European possessions, should war break out just now in any part of this hemisphere, prefers to sanction the high-handed proceedings of the Principalities, rather than run the risk of farther complication. It is pretty certain that French influence has been anything than inactive in bringing about the double election, which took the rest of the world so completely by surprise; it seems not improbable that there may be some degree of truth in the opinion that the double election was a mere party trick; that the public sentiment of the more reasonable portion of the people of the Principalities being against the measure, the hastily-concocted union, which can hardly serve the interests of anybody but Russia, will, if left to itself, fall to pieces by its own weight. At all events, the other Powers have now acknowledged the election of Couza, but in such a manner as that it cannot be used as a precedent in the future. Whether the proposed Congress to regulate the far more difficult question of Italian affairs will really take place, and what will be its results, are still the subjects of anxious disquisition in all quarters. The feeling of the French people at large continues to be, strongly, and unmistakably, against war respecting Italy; and though there is no saying how far this feeling might change if the sword were once drawn, and the national vanity enlisted by actual contest with a Power so unpopular as Austria, it is certain that, at present, the vast majority of the nation would be unfeignedly rejoiced to see the pacification of Italy commenced by diplomatic agency, and carried out by the inauguration of peaceful reform. Austria has now given a positive assent to the meeting of Congress, on condition of a simultaneous disarming of the three Powers who have assumed a belligerent attitude towards each other, coupled with as positive a refusal if this condition be not complied with. It is hard to see how terms so reasonable can be rejected; but great fear is felt here with regard to the sincerity of Louis Napoleon and the Court of Turin in their professions of desire to maintain peace. The war-party here declare that France, not having armed, cannot be called on to disarm; a mere quibble, when in every department of the army and navy, preparations for active service are going forward incessantly; and the army biscuit-bakers of Marseilles and Toulon have been, and still are, working day and night to complete the stores which have been ordered, and which can only be needed by an army engaged in actual service in an enemy's country.

Meantime the deluge of pamphlets continues; the last of these, is entitled "*Researches respecting the Maritime Forces—Marines and Seamen—in the Crimean War; followed by a few Words upon the Conditions of a Struggle with England.*" The writer assumes that "France and England must necessarily be enemies, as the most advanced expressions of that struggle of which the phases incessantly present themselves in social forms." He goes on to state that England, with the command of the naval element ensured to her by her insular position, necessarily triumphs in commerce and influence over France, and that France necessarily hates her for so doing, and will necessarily endeavor, from time to time, to overthrow her power. He thinks, however, that England is so nearly sure of triumphing in such a struggle, that his countrymen had better abstain from rushing into it; but warns them, if they do give active vent "*to that hatred of England which all Frenchmen feel at the bottom of their hearts,*" not to begin the fight without much greater preparation than has yet been made for it. He tells his countrymen that what they "call the *perfidy* of Albion," is only the reflection of their own anger at her superior strength, her freedom from envy, her calm trust in liberty and commerce," and wishes that "the desire for a war with England, which one has only to listen to the talk of the public to recognise as the prevailing wish, just now, of all hearts in France, may lead to a determination, if France is to grapple once more with her old rival, to wait, at least, for some insult or aggression on the part of the latter, and not to rush into war with her until she (France) has greatly increased her military and naval resources." This extraordinary production, which reads to Anglo-Saxon eyes almost like a sly joke, played off by the author upon his countrymen, unfortunately represents the feelings of a large part of the nation with regard to the "necessity" of a struggle with England, as truly as it does the fact that France hates England, and the shallow jealousy on which that hatred is based. However, if France follows the advice of this pamphlet, and waits "for some insult or aggression" on the part of England, the Anglo-French alliance is not likely to be soon interrupted.

The proverbial fickleness of Spring has never been more clearly shown than in the excessive fluctuations of the temperature during the last ten days. A week ago, we had a sudden fall of snow—of snow which, to be sure, only lay for a few hours, but was none the less excessively unwelcome; then a few days of the hottest weather known here at this season for many years; then a sudden cold rain and rude north-wind which has driven everybody back to fires and winter-garments. To-day the sun is coming out again, but in true April style; and we are conscious of a most unwelcome disparity of temperature between the sunny and the shady sides of the way.

Spring, however, being pretty sure of getting the better of these last efforts of the departing Northern Greybeard, we hear these trials with due equanimity; even in Russia, where the winter has been milder than in any year within the memory of the present generation, the ice is rapidly disappearing, and summer is approaching with rapid strides. Meantime a letter from Kieff, in Lower Russia, gives an account of the ceremony of blessing the ice, which takes place annually in that country on Twelfth Day, and though this account is now somewhat out of season, it gives so graphic a picture of the primitive doings of the Northern Bear that I am tempted to quote it.

"We started," says the writer, "in a sledge, and soon arrived at a large lake at some distance from the town. The ice, which was covered with snow, was more than three feet thick, so that persons on foot or in sledges could move about with perfect safety. A great crowd, all in holiday attire, had assembled; the young girls bareheaded, in spite of the cold, and their hair ornamented with numerous bows of ribbon, and the young men with their pelisses of sheepskin, all new and quite white. In the centre of the lake, a high altar had been erected, made of ice, with Greek crosses cut out in the ice all around it. The procession started from the Greek Church, headed by persons carrying banners, and all the clergy in full costume, and with all their ornaments. On reaching the centre of the lake, near the altar, the head priest recited several prayers; after which a hole was cut with a hatchet in the ice, and the priest three times plunged the cross into the water by way of benediction to the lake. Some musket-shots were then fired, and wax candles lighted on the altar, which was the signal for the people to advance and dip their hands in the water. After this, a number of animals, horses, oxen, cows, &c., were driven to the spot to drink the holy water. The procession then returned to the church, and we to our home—where we found a Russian priest, who gave his benediction to the place by sprinkling every room, and all within, with holy water. Dancing and feasting occupied the rest of the day, and were continued far into the night."

The Parisians are already preparing to leave the town for the country. The Emperor and Empress are spending a fortnight at their beautiful private seat at Villeneuve l'Etang, a few miles from St. Cloud, where they live absolutely without any ceremony or parade, very quietly, and no doubt very delightfully. It is here that the Emperor has located one of the model Farms by whose means he hopes to do something towards inspiring France with more advanced ideas on the subject of agricultural and grazing methods. The best machinery is employed on this estate, and here are the prime English cattle which his Majesty has introduced at so much expense, and the dairy for whose dressers was destined the fine supply of glass milk-pans displayed by one of the great English houses in the Exhibition of 1855. It is from this famous dairy that are said to be coming the milk and cream which, to the dismay of the Paris milk-dealers, it is rumored to be the Emperor's intention to have sold publicly in this capital, "in order to let people know what pure milk really is."

The Prince Imperial, who, as remarked in former letters, is a very fine child, growing fast, and looking the very incarnation of infantile health and spirits, is no doubt profiting largely by the pure air and simple life of this delightful residence, which the Emperor is said to have already bestowed upon him as his own property. "The Hope of France" has, however, already developed a tolerably resolute will of his own. The way in which a short time since I saw his little Highness shaking himself free of his governess, in the Tuileries garden, who seemed to want to get him into the palace, or to do something else which he had evidently made up his mind *not* to do, convinced me that he was probably subject to "tantrums;" and I was therefore not surprised to hear, from a friend who happened to have taken his stand close beside the Empress's carriage at the last Review, that the little fellow, getting tired of the fuss, and of his confinement to one place, "turned off naughty" towards its close, stamped and kicked with his funny little top-boots, dashed his tiny bearskin cap upon the ground, and became so unmanageable that he had to be lifted out of the Empress's carriage and given over to his governess, by whom he was carried home in a close carriage and four, with all possible celerity.

One whose name will be widely recognized in America has just passed away. Count Alexis Charles Henri de Tocqueville, whose death has just deprived France of one of its ablest writers on political science, was born at Verneuil, in the department of the Seine-et-Oise, on the 19th of July, 1805, and was a great-grandson of Malesherbes, on his mother's side. Admitted to the Paris bar in 1826, he was made a magistrate at Versailles and an Examining Judge, in 1830. In the following year he was commissioned, with his former colleague at Versailles, M. G. de Beaumont, to visit the United States for the purpose of studying the penitentiary system of that country. On his return he published, in 1835, his celebrated work, *La Democratie en Amerique*, a work which Roger Collard styles "a continuation of Montesquieu," which passed through several editions, was translated into most European tongues, and obtained the Montyon prize in 1836. Having quitted the practice of law, he was elected into the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in 1837, and made a member of the French Academy in 1841. From 1839 to 1848 he had represented Valogne in the Chamber of Deputies, where he sat among the moderate fraction of the Opposition, giving good advice to an administration incapable of listening to it. As member and Chairman of the Committee on Slavery, in 1840; on the maritime interests of Algeria, in 1847; and on the Penitentiary system in 1848, he rendered good service to his country and to the Government, though an opponent of the Ministerial policy and of the electoral corruption. "A great Revolution is approaching," said he, in January, 1848. His prophecy was speedily fulfilled. He was elected a member of the Constitutional Assembly for La Manche, by a majority of 170,714 votes. General Cavaignac sent him to represent France in the Conference at Brussels on the affairs of Italy. Re-elected to the Legislative Assembly, M. de Tocqueville was appointed in June, 1849, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was a leading advocate of the expedition to Rome, which has proved to be so fruitful a source of jealousy between France and Austria. After the *coup d'état* he quitted the Ministry, and became a simple Representative, in which capacity he opposed the system of the Prince President, and was one of the latest defenders of the Parliamentary system. On the 2d December, 1857, he, with other Deputies, assembled at the *Mairie* of the 10*th arrondissement* to protest against the *coup d'état*, was consequently imprisoned with his colleagues, but was shortly afterwards set at liberty, and retired into private life. M. de Tocqueville was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor in November, 1828.

While the Grim King is thus carrying off his victims, M. Vivier, the Paganini of the hour, and as renowned for his eccentric pleasantries as for his musical talent, has just brought out a play called "*A marriage in a hat, a fantastic extravaganza,*" which one can hardly believe to be intended by its author for anything but a joke inflicted on his friends and the public, so utter and unmitigated is the absurdity of this little piece.

The play, which is charmingly got up at the *Gymnase*, opens with a ball, the galeties of which are just coming to a close, and the last of whose guests are preparing to take their departure from the festive scene. The master of the house, M. Benoit, and his daughter Aglae, remain alone in the empty ball-room, for the mistress of the house has sought her pillow some hours before, having taken advantage of a grand air from the *Trovatore*, sung in grand style by one of the guests, between a waltz and a schottische, to effect her retreat from the ball-room.

M. Benoit asks his daughter what she thinks of her partners of the evening?

"I think them all very ugly, papa," replies the young lady.

"You are right," replies the father; "but handsome men seldom make good husbands, and so I have determined that you shall choose a husband among the gentlemen you have just danced with."

"Oh! my choice is made already."

"Indeed! and who have you chosen?"

"Monsieur Duclos."

"What! a young barrister without practice, and without fortune?"

"What does that matter, papa, since he loves me?"

"And who has told you that he loves you?"

"He told me so himself."

"What! has he dared to declare himself? And what reply did you make to his fine speeches?"

"I told him I loved him also."

"Wretched girl! never will I consent to such a preposterous alliance!"

"Nonsense, papa! Good-night!"

"What! you are not in tears?"

"Not at all; I prefer to reflect upon the best means of forcing you to give your consent to our union."

"Charming girl!" cries Benoit, kissing his daughter, who withdraws to the repose of her own apartment. The papa is preparing to do likewise, when Jean, the footman, approaches him with a mysterious air.

"Monsieur," says Jean, "this is a very strange thing! Here is a hat, a new hat, too, left by one of your guests. One of your guests has, then, gone away bareheaded?"

"So cold as it is to-night, it is really an extraordinary circumstance," replies his master.

On examining the hat, Jean finds, under the lining, a long band of paper, on which he spells out these words:

"When you find this hat, T. I. Y. P."

"That is to say 'Turn if you please,'" interposed the master.

Jean turned the paper, and read the end of the sentence, "I shall have ceased to exist."

M. Benoit ponders anxiously the question as to which of his guests can have arrived at so fatal a resolution. Suddenly Jean remarks, with a shudder, that he hears groans. Has the unhappy owner of the hat been guilty of the indelicacy of hanging himself in M. Benoit's hospitable mansion? No. Benoit listens, and perceives that the groans proceed from the chamber of his daughter.

"Aglae!" cries the father through the door, "what is the matter with you?"

"I am groaning at the thought of your cruelty, papa!" answers Aglae.

"Are you undressed?"

"No, papa."

"Then come here, I have something to show you."

Enter Aglae, who, seeing the hat, recognises it as the property of Duclos, and declares, with piercing lamentations, that, as the unhappy young man has ceased to exist, she will spend the rest of her life in weeping over this funereal headgear.

"A very pleasant and amusing thing it will be for me, to lose the society of my only child in this way!" cries M. Benoit in despair, "Grant, oh, Heaven! that this miserable Duclos may not have already destroyed himself, and I swear that I will give him my daughter!"

Just at this moment there is a violent ring at the bell, Jean hastens to open the door, and a policeman presents himself.

"Monsieur," says the new-comer, addressing himself to M. Benoit, "do you know a young man named Duclos?"

"Alas! *yes*," replies that gentleman, in a mournful voice, "I *did* know him, but I have reason to believe that the wretched young man is dead."

"You are mistaken," answers the police officer, and turning towards the other end of the room, he adds, "let the young gentleman come in."

Duclos here makes his appearance, shaking with cold, and sneezing incessantly.

"My subordinates," continues the police-officer, "astonished at seeing a young man in evening dress running through the streets bareheaded and without his hat, arrested this gentleman and brought him to my office. He has referred us to yourself, to prove that he is not insane."

"He has done well to refer you to me," says M. Benoit, enchanted to see the desponding lover still alive, "I give him my daughter."

Such is the latest production of the eccentric king of hornblowers. Thanks to the innumerable witticisms, outrageously bad puns, and livelinesses of action with which he has contrived to fill it, the audience are kept in a perpetual roar from the beginning of the farce till the end; but it would be difficult to come much nearer to what appears to be the ideal of dramatic art in this ingenious city at the present day, viz.: the whipping up of a theatrical syllabub out of nothing. QUANTUM.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Executive Committee of the State Rights' Popular Sovereignty Democrats of this State, have resolved not to nominate a State ticket for the ensuing election—and recommended their friends not to vote for any candidates who do not stand clearly upon the popular sovereignty principle.

Astonishing Experience.—The New York papers announced, the day after the recent election in this city, that the Democrats had carried the election. The fact was just the reverse, the People's party being successful by about 2,000 majority.

Strychnine in Whiskey.—A prominent druggist of Cincinnati, Mr. E. S. Wayne, pronounces the assertion so widely made, that strychnia is used in the distillation of whiskey, to be "without a ray of truth." He says:—"Strychnia can be of no possible use to the distiller; it will not aid him in the fermentation of his mash, nor can he from the elements of the substance produce alcohol; and to be of any practical benefit to him it must be in one or the other of the ways mentioned." Mr. W. presumes distillers are satisfied with the potency of their beverages, Red Eye and Rifle whiskey, (said to kill at forty yards,) without the aid of strychnia. We believe, however, that Mr. Wayne is greatly mistaken—and that strychnine is used to a very great extent.

Washington, May 4.—The Government has not yet taken any definite action in the troubles among the Federal officers in Utah, but will wait for further information from that Territory, especially as to the course of Judge Cradlebaugh. The indications are that Gov. Cumming will be sustained by the Administration, his conduct being regarded as wise and conciliatory. Such instructions will shortly be forwarded to Utah as will prevent further difficulties among the Federal authorities. From all that can be ascertained, no trouble is apprehended from the Mormons.

A recent attempt to rescue an alleged fugitive slave from his claimant in Zanesville, Ohio, by the negroes of the town, was unsuccessful.

Tailoring by Wholesale.—In cutting garments for the British soldiers, the cloth is piled up, placed between two boards cut in the shape of patterns, and compressed, and then sawed out, thus cutting one hundred or more garments at once.

Capture of a Great City in China.—The Chinese correspondent of the Journal of Commerce states that the rebels have taken the great city of Hankow, eight hundred miles up the Yang-tse-Kiang, which Lord Elgin recently visited, and which the Abbe Hue estimated to contain a population of three millions. The rebels still hold the city of Nankin and an immense territory above it. Still it is not believed they will ultimately be successful in their great object—independence.

Franklin a "Rat."—At the National Typographical Convention, in Boston, a long debate arose upon a resolution offered, yesterday, to remove the head of Franklin from the traveling card, the mover of the resolution having charged the great printer with "ratting." The weight of opinion, however, appeared to be against the correctness of the allegation, and the resolution was rejected, 24 to 2.

Elopement Extraordinary.—The Utica Telegraph chronicles the elopement of two young men, aged respectively fifteen and sixteen, with two young women aged fourteen years.

The National Era says it is not for the generation among whom Elizabeth Browning has sung and Charlotte Bronte spoken, and Harriet Hosmer chiseled, and Rosa Bonheur painted, and Mary Lyon taught, and Florence Nightingale lived, to despair of woman's achievement of her highest destiny.

M. Alexandre Dumas says his voyage to Russia and the East cost him only $2,000, and that the money he received from Count Koucheliff was $12,000 for two novels, and that his books bring him in $20,000 a year. He leaves Paris on the 15th of May for another two-years excursion. He has sold his "Voyage to Caucasus" for $6,000; it is to be published daily, and thirty numbers only issued; consequently he receives a thousand francs daily for it.

Sale of Milk in Massachusetts.—By a law of the last Legislature, milk is hereafter to be sold in Massachusetts by wine measure instead of the standard now used. The gallon of the Winchester bushel, by which milk is sold now, contains 268 9.275 inches; that of wine measure 231 inches. It is therefore apparent that the future standard will be 41-10 per cent. less than the present one—quite an important difference.

The average of advertisements in the London Times, under the head of "want places," is about seven columns daily, and as none of these exceed three lines, and about half of them are two line advertisements, the reader may form some idea of the number of persons in London, constantly in want of employment.

There are in the State of Oregon 135 flour mills, with a capacity of producing 2,500,000 barrels per annum.

The Louisiana Organ says that "quite an excitement has been created among the denizens of the Bayou Boeuf section of country, by the sudden elopement of the son of a wealthy and highly respectable planter with his mother's maid-servant, a slave, so near white as to have been taken, at times, for a daughter of the house. They are supposed to have gone to Texas, with the intention, as they learned from an intercepted note of the young man, of consummating matrimony."

A Norwegian shoemaker living in Minnesota, has obtained $17,000 for a piece of land near Chicago, which he bought eleven years ago, for the sum of $20.

Professor N. C. Morse, of Louisville, recently took fifty acres of land in West Tennessee on debt, at $40 per acre. On examination he found that it contained vast quantities of lead, the rocks beneath the soil being lead ore. A thorough test shows pure lead ore to the value of 86 per cent., and associated with sulphate of baryta, equally valuable as the lead ore. Since the discovery, Prof. M. has refused $1,000 per acre for the land, and he has raised $25,000 in Cincinnati, where he formerly resided, to build furnaces and commence mining operations immediately.

In London, a few weeks since, a man was arrested for breaking a daguerreotype of his wife, which he had vainly requested the artist to remove from the show case in which it was exhibited. The Court decided that the defendant had certainly reason to be angry, but as he had no right to destroy the exhibitor's property on that account, fined him one guinea.

The Oberlin Fugitive Slave Rescue Case.—*Cleveland*, May 6.—Six of the Oberlin slave rescuers plead guilty, this morning, and were sentenced to pay a fine of $5 and twenty hours' imprisonment. Bushnell has not yet been sentenced.

A Costly Cow.—The Circuit Court of Kent county, Maryland, was occupied four days last week in the trial of an appeal case of George W. Copper vs. William McCauley, to recover a certain "bob-tail cow." The Chestertown News states that over fifty witnesses were examined, and the estimated cost of the case is six hundred dollars. This is a round sum to be spent in litigation where only twenty dollars were involved. The jury gave a verdict for the appellee, with one cent damages.

"Sickles Affair" in Tennessee.—The Shelbyville (Tenn.) Expositor says that a Mr. Allen, a resident of Bedford county, in that State, *suspecting* a neighbor, named Handy, of an improper intimacy with his wife, attacked him, a few days since, with a knife, and stabbed him to death. He then surrendered himself to the legal authorities.

Verdict Not Guilty.—*Savannah*, May 6.—In the case of Selvas and Mares, indicted on the charge of fitting out the bark Angelita for the slave trade, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

Mexican Silk.—The New Orleans Picayune has examined a parcel of Mexican silk, received from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, which, it says, is a curious product of Southern Mexico, and grows on one of the most beautiful and majestic trees of those inimitable forests. It is strong in fibre and firm in staple as the silk-worm's thread, which in appearance it much resembles, and wonderfully soft to the touch.

The freight on a barrel of flour from Cincinnati to New York, by lake and railway, is now only 70 cents. Last year the price was 110 cents. The freight of flour from Chicago to New York, all rail, 65a70 cents; by lake and canal 50 cents. These are far below the rates of last year.

A shipment of "mess beef," lately arrived at San Francisco from Australia, has proved on examination to be *pickled kangaroos!*

An Unnatural Son.—Mrs. Anderson, an accomplished lady of London, C. W., insured her life for $5,000, for the benefit of her son, who last week administered strychnine to his mother, from the effects of which she died.

A Mr. Close, living in the vicinity of Crane Creek, Mason County, Ill., came to the conclusion that he would leave his family, which consists of a wife, in the last stages of consumption, with six children, and try his fortune with a young girl, scarcely sixteen, of disreputable character, who had been living with the family. The "boys" of Bath, where they waited for a boat down the river, arrested Mr. C., and, after investigation, sentenced him to ride the wooden horse, and receive a cold bath, beside other summary inflictions, much against his will, and pay a fine of $40, being the amount of loose cash found on his person, which was to be paid to the girl to bear her expenses home to her friends in Kentucky, with strict orders to leave town immediately.

Mr. Asa W. Brown of Cincinnati, says that he solved the long-mooted question of the squaring of the circle, on Monday, April 25, 1859, with the following result: A field of 1,728 yards round is 100 yards across, and contains precisely 49 acres, (cube of 12—square of 10, and square of 7.) The numbering was reached unexpectedly through investigations formerly made in the vibrations of musical notes.

The Rev. Theodore F. White and lady of Mendham, New York, were "surprised" on the 20th ult., by a party who poured into their house in their absence, took entire possession, filled the larder and cellar with good things, and, on the return of the owners, presented them with a purse containing over $300 in gold.

Heavy Sentence.—In the U. S. District Court, in this city, Judge Cadwalader recently sentenced ex-Judge Vondersmith, of Lancaster county, to twenty years' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of $5,000. After pronouncing sentence the Judge said that if the prisoner would pay into the treasury $30,000, he would sign a memorial asking the President to remit ten years of his imprisonment. The offence for which this heavy sentence was given was the systematic and long continued forgery of land warrants.

A man living near Nashville, Tenn., who had been absent in California some three years, coming home recently, found a baby only three months old lying in the cradle. Convinced that he had been injured, he at once cut off the infant's ears, to avenge his "wounded honor." The screams of the little sufferer called in the family, when the avenger of domestic purity learned that the child belonged to a neighbor who was visiting his wife. Not being a member of Congress, he was threatened with lynching, and found it prudent to decamp.

Camels.—The Mobile Tribune notices the arrival at that city of twenty-one camels from Texas. Eight of them have been engaged, and the balance are for sale for plantation use. It is said one of them can easily carry two bales of cotton on its back, at the rate of twenty-five miles a day, over a road which would be impassable to an empty wagon drawn by a pair of mules. The cost of keeping them is very little, and in endurance, under labor and privation, no animal can excel them. They are also gentle in disposition.

Destruction of the Crawford House.—The Crawford House, at the Notch, White Mountains, was burned down Saturday afternoon. The fire caught on the roof of the western wing. The stables, ice-house and out-buildings were saved. The furniture was mostly lost. The insurance on the house, $10,000; furniture, $4,000. The house was owned by Eastman, Hall & Co. It will be rebuilt double the size of the old house, and will be ready for the reception of the travelling public in sixty days from this date.

Decision in Relation to School Houses.—The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in Connecticut has recently decided that religious meetings may be held in public school houses only with the *unanimous* consent of the district; accordingly, a *single Tax payer* may defeat the united voice of all other voters.

The Parisians are said to notice a curious difference between the males and females of the numerous Chinese who have lately migrated to that gay capital. While the men pertinaciously adhere to their unsuitable and inconvenient costumes, the women adopt curls and crinoline, after a very short residence in the strange country.

The Pennsylvania Railroad.—The perfect order and smoothness of the track is proverbial. It is a fact, verified almost every day, that a glass three-fourths filled with water will ride on the window-sill of any passenger car upon the road, from Altoona to Harrisburg, without being spilled one time in ten. We have ourselves seen apples placed in a similar position, upon a wager, and ride one hundred and fifty miles on the Pennsylvania Central, without being jarred off.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

The Judah Massacre.—The French Government has recently granted a pension of 5,000 francs to the daughter of the French Consul murdered at Jiddah, (Mr. Eveillard,) who has been recently married. Upon the morning of her marriage she was surprised by the receipt of a charming missive from the Sultan, which runs as follows:

"Abdul Medjid Khan to the youthful daughter of the lamented Consul of France at Jiddah.

"A just man, the father of a family, was sacrificed by miserable madmen. The child of his blood and of his affection is an orphan.—May the all-powerful God permit his servant Abdul Medjid to be a second father to the child, and may this flower of the West not reject the beneficent dew offered by one who would give his power and his life to heal the dreary wound in a daughter's heart. It is the prayer of an unworthy servant of God, the Judge of the innocent and guilty.

"ABDUL MEDJID KHAN."

Accompanying the letter was a pension warrant upon the treasury of the Porte for 6,000 francs.

GONE!

BY W. C. BENNET.

Oh, Summer, paint me her sweet lips upon thy glowing air!
Across thy gloom, oh, Winter, fling the dark night of her hair!
Memory, tender Memory, hear my cry!
Give back, give back the loving lips I never more may touch!
Red! the geranium's scarlet showed but poor and pale by such!
Oh, Memory! bring but these again, and thou wilt give, how much!
Oh, but to see her face again, and die!

Yet more, oh, more, oh, bring me more than yearned for face and form—
The dark eye, misty with its love—the blush with passion warm—
All my blood leapt up to answer in the past!
Oh, give me not the coral of her curving lip alone,
But the words in which the quivering heart beat, trembling, through each tone,
And the warm dear silence, more than words, that owned her all my own,
And the white arms hung around me at the last!

Oh, foolish heart, be still, be still! thy cry is ever vain
For the looks and smiles and burning tears that shall not come again,
All that never more thy living eyes shall see.
The buried past is far and cold, and silent in its grave;
Its ears are dull and deaf to all thy misery can crave;
How poor is Memory's power one faint, wan, fleeting glimpse to save,
Of all that never—never more may be!

MY THREE WOOINGS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

It was a most unjustifiable proceeding! I can say nothing in extenuation of my conduct; nothing even to qualify it: but since confessions are the fashion, I will "make a clean breast of it," and relate the whole story, trusting it may prove at least a warning-voice to the few—for I hope there are not many—who have been placed in my strange position—that of the accepted lover of three charming girls at the same time!

Yes, fair reader, you may well shake those silken curls at me; such was the astounding fact.

It was long ago—I will not say how long ago, for I am not going to narrate my whole history; only such passages of it as are connected with what has been defined as "an episode in the life of man, though it forms the whole history of woman."

The daughter of my private tutor was my first love.

Where is the man who did not fall in love with the daughter of his private tutor? always supposing he had a private tutor, and that private tutor had a daughter.

Her name was Rose May, and she was like a May-rose, so fresh, so fair, so blooming, so artless.

Of course, all her father's "young men" fell in love with her; she was used to that: and it was not only her vanity that was flattered by my attentions. Attentions? That was an odd word, for they only consisted in my inattention to everything else. It was no use carving her name upon the trees: I found they were all scored over with it already. It was no use sending her valentines: Dr. May saw all her letters. It was no use playing the flute, nor even the key-bugle, for she said she did not like music, though her voice, when she taught the school-children their Hundredth Psalm and their Evening Hymn, was as sweet as St. Cecilia's might have been. At last, I found a way to her heart.

Rose was fond of sketching from nature, and so was I. It is true that the gable-ends of her roofs were wandering upward and downward in search of some unknown vanishing-point; and her chimneys had a trick of looking over into their neighbors' windows, like the leaning tower of Pisa; but I gave her some hints about this, and was soon installed her drawing-master.

This insured me many a pleasant stroll with her; and I cut her pencils, and carried her book; and we often sat and looked at the same oak tree without much progress in its outline. At last I made a discovery.

I took up a drawing-book which I was not intended to see; it was snatched out of my hands, and the May-rose became a blush-rose on the spot; but I gained my point at last. I opened the book, and there were indubitable proofs that the talent of my lovely pupil lay not in gables an in oak-trees, but in portraits. There was I myself, in a variety of attempts, the cravat particularly elaborated; but the profile could not be mistaken (reader, I have an aquiline nose): the nostril was left out altogether; the eye but faintly indicated, though there were long eyelashes, like stitches in netting, round it; the hair made one think of the "ancient thatch upon the lonely moated grange:" but still it was my hair; and the eyebrow unmistakable.

I turned to the May-rose in unspeakable happiness. I am not sure what I did—whether I kissed my own portrait or her hand, or fell on my knees; but I know that soon after we were engaged—irrevocably engaged. She was sixteen; I was eighteen. We knew our own minds perfectly; we had gone through this bleak world alone, unloving and unloved, except by a few fathers and mothers, and maiden aunts; we had found the one only being who could understand and appreciate us—we loved; we were betrothed.

I went to Oxford, and passed wretched years in anguish and suspense, occasionally relieved by boating, driving coaches—there were coaches in those days—hunting, wine-parties, and a very little reading. I went through my little go creditably. My only wish in life was to have a tolerable living, which my father would purchase for me, and marry the May-rose.

I have promised not to write an autobiography, and will only touch lightly and briefly on what was anything but a light matter to me: my father failed in some mining speculations just about the time I was to leave college. I had no prospect then of his being able to purchase a living for me; and my dreams of a parsonage and the May-rose grew fainter.

My uncle, the general, took a fancy, though a very precarious one, to me. I went down, at his invitation, to his place in Hampshire. The fancy took root, and flourished. I wonder at it, for I went with a thorough determination to contradict him in everything, lest he should suppose I wanted to curry favor with him. He had made his fortune in India, in the days when fortunes were made there; and he was bent upon one of two things—either that I should accept a writership and go to Madras, or marry his ward, Justina Warner, who was to have three thousand a year, and was just seventeen.

Of course, I resolved to do neither; and in order to clench the matter, finding Miss Warner was expected at the Birches, asked on purpose to meet me, I immediately wrote a most pathetic epistle to the May-rose, accompanied with a turquoise and pearl-ring in the shape of a "forget-me-not," renewing my vows of unchangeable fidelity. To this I received a tender reply, written on pink paper, with a stamped border, which found its home in my left waistcoat-pocket; and what delighted me more was a lock of her exquisite fair hair and a heart's-ease ring, which just fitted my little finger, where I forthwith installed it.

Alas! was it the presentiment of danger that made me thus barricade my heart and guard my hand with that little special constable of a heart's-ease ring? I know not, but I felt that I should be violently attacked by the said Justina Warner, especially as my uncle, who was enthusiastic in her praise, described her as "a splendid girl; such a horse-woman! Just see her ride Sky-rocket across country, that's all; stops at nothing. Then such a minnie; so clever, she takes off people to their faces. And as to caricatures!"—— Here he ended in an admiring laugh, which quite abashed me by anticipation.

The May-rose softly blushed upon my imagination in contrast to this hoyden; and I pressed the hand with the ring on its little finger fervently on my left waistcoat-pocket containing the pink letter.

Justina came. As soon as the ringing of gate bells, clapping of doors, lifting of trunks, and other notes of arrival, assailed me, I rushed out into the shrubbery—"into the free air" as I called it; but it was not free to me, for there I met my uncle, with a very red face, hurrying in to receive her. He gasped out: "Where are you off to, you young scapegrace? Don't you know Justina's come?"

I was turned back like a whipped hound, and followed my uncle to the back-door by which he was entering; there, however, I saw a way of escape—the back-stairs which led to my bedroom. Regardless of consequences, I rushed up the steps, overturning a pail and mop in my way, reached my room without further accident, bolted the door, and threw myself on a chair, literally panting with the sense of escape.

My room looked towards the back of the house into the stable-yard. I could not make up my mind to face the formidable Miss Warner at luncheon, and waited till I trusted she would be disposed of, either to go out with my uncle, or retire to her own room; so I remained where I was, beguiling the time with the dear little pink letter, which I had by heart, and thinking of the dear little writer. Suddenly I heard my uncle's voice close under my window; a groom was called, and desired to bring out a newly purchased horse, to show Miss Warner.

"Oh no; I'd much rather go in and look at him," said a high, clear, but not unpleasing voice. "Besides, I want to see all my old friends. How's Sky-rocket, Thomas? Where do the H. H. hounds meet this week? General, are you up to a run, or will you only ride with me to see the meet? I hope you won't send that nephew of yours with me instead, because I have a strong presentiment that he is a spoon."

My uncle laughed long and loud, then said: "No, no; not quite that; but he certainly wants you to put a little life into him. He is a nice lad enough."

"A nice lad! Oh yes, I can just fancy. I suppose he walks out by moonlight, and always shuts the door softly, and sits with his feet under his chair, and says: 'Yes indeed' and 'you don't say so!' A regular muff, I dare say. But where are the pointer puppies? I must see them first, and then the new horse."

Here the conversation took a canine turn, and relieved my angry blushes. I was violently incensed; indeed, in the agitation of the moment, I actually tore in pieces the precious pink letter I had in my hand. This misfortune rather calmed my feelings—on the principle of counter-irritation, I suppose, for I was much annoyed to lose the valued relic. I got out my desk, and sat down to write to the May-rose, but somehow or other, I could not get on. There was every now and then a loud, but very merry, and not unmusical laugh under my window, that disturbed me, and I began to wonder what this virago looked like. I hated her most intensely, and the very hatred gave me an interest in her.

I began several sheets to the May-rose, and found, that after writing, "Dearest and loveliest Rose," or "Sweetest and fairest Rose," &c., I had nothing to say to her, but to relate the incidents of Miss Warner's arrival. I tore up the letter in disgust, at my own stupidity, and began to think it only wanted an hour of dinner, and then I could not avoid meeting the detestable Miss Warner. For that hour, I continued my voluntary captivity, afraid of encountering the enemy, if I went out; but I employed the time in selecting what I considered to be the most knowing-looking of my cravats and waistcoats.

I never had bestowed so much time and thought upon my dress before; yet it was not so much the wish to please, as the fear of ridicule. I wondered, as I never did before, whether my long straight hair did not really give me a "spooney" look, and whether a green or a purple waistcoat might not make me look pale and "moonstruck." A white cravat I entirely avoided, for having sported one at Dr. May's on a grand occasion, Rose had said—though this was before we were engaged—that it made me look like a footman.

At last the second bell rung, and in spite of all I could do, my heart beat violently, and I felt my cheeks flush as I entered the drawing-room. To my horror and consternation, Justina was there alone. I felt so utterly dismayed, that my first impulse was to retreat, and shut the door again; but in doing this, in my confusion, I shut in the paw of a Skye terrier that had followed me into the room. Nettle began to *howl*; Miss Warner flew to the rescue, seated herself on the floor, and began to soothe the whining animal, and examine the wounded foot. This she did without taking the slightest notice of me, who stood by rather sulkily, feeling as if I ought to apologise, and yet, as it was my own dog, I did not see why I should, unless I did so to Nettle, who was certainly the aggrieved party.

"You are giving yourself a great deal of trouble," said I, feeling I *must* say something. "He is not much hurt."

"You might have broken his leg, and perhaps you have," she said, still intent on the dog. "I never saw anything so awkward. Why could you not have come in at once, and not taken fright at me?"

"I? I was looking for my uncle," said I, much abashed; "otherwise I should—"

"Nonsense! Tell the truth at once, if you wish to please *me*."

How I longed to tell her I did not wish to please her, but had not courage!

"There, you darling little pet, you'd tell the truth if you could speak, wouldn't you? Is it your dog? What's its name? You don't deserve such a dear dog, and not to care whether you crush it to death or not! I wish you'd give it to me; I have taken a great fancy to the dog."

Here was a poser! Give her my dog! I would as soon give her my heart and hand—and I mentally resolved on seeing her go through a very unpleasant process indeed, before I did *that*. Give her Nettle? Why, I could not make up my mind to give the dog to Rose, though I knew she would have liked it above all things. She always said it was "a duck." I uttered not a word; and Nettle, who had left off howling, and was now licking his wounded foot and Miss Warner's hand alternately, still sat in her lap, looking up to me and wagging his tail occasionally, in a forgiving manner.

At this juncture, in came my uncle, and the butler followed him to announce dinner.

"What's the matter now?" said he, stopping opposite to Justina, who sat close to the door, Turkish fashion, with the dog in her lap.

"Nothing at all, general," she said, rising with graceful ease, and still holding Nettle in her arms. "This poor dog has been hurt in the door; and as a recompense for my skill in doctoring him, your nephew has been so polite as to give him to me. Is not that good-natured?"

She said this with an air of such genuine delight, and my uncle looked so pleased with me, as he said: "Upon my word, then, I suppose you have made acquaintance without me?" that I was again tongue-tied, and of course my silence was acquiescence. It was quite a relief to me when seated at dinner with the lights—for I had scarcely had a sight of Miss Warner's features in the dusk of the drawing-room—it was quite a relief to me, that she was *not* pretty. She was small, and slight, and exquisitely formed; her eyes were magnificent—dark hazel, with long, black lashes; her hair as dark as night, but its thick tresses were carelessly arranged, and did not show off the really beautiful shape of her head; her complexion was that of a brunette; her mouth too large for beauty, though her teeth were like pearls; in short she was one of those women who do not strike at first, but grow into beauty as you learn them by heart. Some might call her plain, and some few might think her beautiful. I was determined to think her detestable, and to give her no encouragement; but as the dinner and evening proceeded without her appearing to take the least notice of me, I was at a loss how to manifest my intention.

The general was bent upon drawing out her talents and accomplishments, showing her caricatures, and making her sing. She sung admirably; and though I appeared entirely absorbed in the Hampshire Mercury, and though my uncle's favorite songs were not mine, yet I could not help feeling a charm in them.

To Justina's singing I was determined to act the "deaf adder;" but it was no use—the spell was on me; it was *music*, not this song or that, which she sung. There was something in the perfectly trained, though not powerful voice, that gave a promise, a security to the ear that it would not be wounded. It was music that seemed to vibrate to some chord within me—it was music that made me feel almost as if I were singing it myself, so perfectly in unison did it seem with my inner being. I had leaned back in my arm-chair, and concealed my face with the newspaper. Justina, peeping over the top of her music-book, I suppose, thought me asleep, and half in merriment, half in mortification, suddenly clattered down the music-book upon the keys, making a tremendous orchestral crash. The newspaper dropped from before my eyes, in my sudden start at the shock. Justina saw that I was actually in tears; there was no time to conceal the fact. The general laughed, Justina did not; she looked very red, and very much astonished and disconcerted, and sat at the piano without attempting to pick up her book or resume her playing.

"I—I beg your pardon," she said, quite humbly.

"Pardon! Indeed, I should think so," said the general, "for shocking our nerves in that way."

"Well, I won't do so any more," she said, rising from the piano, and giving an odd, inquiring look at me.

"Do you mean to say that you won't sing any more?" said I, eagerly starting up. "Oh, you must—you will." I had risen, and was assisting her to replace the music-book.

"I had no idea you were so fond of music," she said, in a low voice, quite unlike her former manner. "I thought you disliked it."

"And that was the reason you played and sung, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, think I dislike it still, and go on playing and singing."

"Are there any songs you particularly—dislike?"

"Yes; but if you sing them—as I suppose you would, if I name them—I should be sure to like them."

Here she jumped up from the piano, and clapped her hands, running up to my uncle.

"General, general, why did we not have a bet? A compliment; your nephew has actually paid me a compliment—given me his dog, and paid me a compliment. Is not that pretty well for the first day's work?" I was utterly confounded and exasperated.

"Bold, vain, conceited coquette," thought I; "but no more worth a serious moment's consideration than a musical snuff-box, which I shall make play for my amusement."

Let the reader experienced in such matters, which I confess is not even now my case, imagine a succession of such scenes for a fortnight. I was by degrees occupied, interested, curious, piqued, provoked, mortified, flattered, and finally, captivated. Yes, reader, with the dark braids and soft eyes, do not look up reproachfully: it was a fact. Of course, it is needless to assure you that I did not succumb without a struggle; the final and conquering blow was given by the appearance of a rival.

My uncle, the general, was too much of an old soldier to encourage any such poachers on his own estate, but there was a county ball, from which Miss Warner would not be absent. I had grown by this time to think her not only pretty, but absolutely beautiful. There was a variety in her dress, her looks, and her humor, that did not seem design, but a kind of adorable caprice, that was quite enchanting. She never did, or said, or looked, as you expected she would.

At this ball there were officers from Winchester, and dandies from London, and squires and eldest sons from the neighborhood. Miss Warner was known as a fortune, as a capital horsewoman, as a beautiful waltzer, as a wit, and as "capital fun." It was not the fashion to call her a beauty; yet, when she came out, looking her best, and perfectly well dressed, people were surprised into saying, she was "quite pretty" to-night. How often an established beauty, one shade paler than usual, is thought "looking quite plain!"

Well, this was one of Justina's triumphal nights. She was in white, with scarlet pomegranate blossoms in her dark hair, and looping up her dress. I could not waltz, and suffered an unknown and intense torture in seeing Justina whirled past me in the arms of one man after another through the dance. She evidently seemed to enjoy it.

"Don't you dance?" said she to me, during a pause. "You have not asked *me*. But perhaps you would like to be introduced to some other girls."

"I do not dance," said I, with dignity; "and I despise every one, every *man*, at least, that does."

Her partner here claimed her, and she was again whirled away.

"So, Sir William Rycroft is caught at last!" said a sharp, feminine voice in the circle near me.

"Yes, so they say," was the response; "and a lucky man, too. Rich as he is, and a young baronet, he was looking out for money."

"But what has Miss Warner? She is much too pretty for an heiress;" said the other voice.

I knew that it was Sir William Rycroft, who was then in the heat of *deux temps* with Justina. I watched them with the eye of a hawk. The dance was over, and he was leading her to the supper-room; she turned her head, as if looking for some one. I thought it was for her temporary chaperon, Lady Rycroft, mother of the baronet; but she still looked about till she glanced at me. Her cheek flushed, and she gave me an unmistakable sign to come to her. I advanced coldly and doubtingly.

"Oh, Gerald!" she exclaimed—this was the first time she had ever called me by my Christian name, and it thrilled me like the music of her songs—"where is the general? I so particularly wish you would take me to him; can you?" She almost placed her arm within mine, as she withdrew from the discomfited baronet. He could only bow acquiescence, and look daggers and pistols at me. As soon as we had left him, she said—"Pray, forgive my familiar address just now. I saw you looked horrified at my calling you 'Gerald.'"

"No, Justina," said I; "not in the least. I am never surprised at any caprice in you."

"Thank you. But it was not entirely caprice; it was to get rid of that man. I thought you would allow me *for once* to take the liberty of using your name."

"Why, they say you are engaged to him—and I have seen you dance with him all the evening."

"What was I to do if nobody else danced?"

"Everybody asked you."

"Well, and I danced with everybody; and now I have done—I don't mean to dance any more."

"I was in hopes you would once, one dull quadrille with me."

"Why did you not ask me, then? I thought you despised dancing."

"I only hate those that dance with you."

The quadrille was forming, and we stood up. She was in no haste to find the general, and never had she so fascinated me. Sir William came up again to take her to supper—and he looked bitterly mortified when she coolly refused.

"You are scarcely polite to him," said I, magnanimously.

"I did not intend it. His mother has most impertinently made his proposals to me, and he has taken it for granted they were accepted; so I have set him down and given him his answer; and I wish to goodness, Gerald, you could waltz, and then I should not have any trouble; but to refuse a man pointblank, and then let him clasp one round the waist, is rather awkward."

"And if I had been able to waltz?"

"Why, then, of course, I should have waltzed with no one else."

This "of course" both bewildered and enchanted me. I sat next her at supper—a regular country-ball sitting-down supper. The general was opposite, and her chaperon, Lady Rycroft, completely distanced. I don't know how many glasses of champagne I drank, but I made several puns, and felt witty enough to have written *Vanity Fair*. Then came a sentimental fit, and I quoted Byron, and swore "there were none of Beauty's daughters with a magic like *her*," and that she walked in beauty like the night. I have a suspicion that I must have said something even more tender and "compromising" still.

Instead of laughing at all this, as was her want, Justina received it with an air of beatitude; and just as we were making our way to the cloak-room—the general following discreetly in the rear, she said in a low voice:

"You have made me so very, very happy, Gerald, this evening, I must tell you so."

"Is it possible?" said I, venturing to press the little hand resting on my arm. "How so?"

"Oh, of course you know what I mean; only you men are such tyrants—you will never be satisfied without making us acknowledge our slavery."

"What can slavery have to do with you—and me; unless, indeed"—and here I floundered for a compliment.

"Oh, spare yourself the trouble of telling me you are my slave, when all the time, you only wanted to make me yours."

"What can you mean?"

"Oh, pretty innocence! Why, I mean, if it must out, that it makes me ten thousand times happier to find, after all, you—you love me, in spite of yourself, and though you were determined to hate me, than if you had come prepared to make love *aux beaux yeux de ma cassette*, like all the other men. I was just as resolved to dislike you, too; and yet you see."

How could I interrupt her otherwise than by again pressing the little hand!

She went on:

"But, Gerald, you must not think me very strange and bold (I dare say, you do, though, already!) if I give you one hint: I shall be obliged to tell the general immediately about Sir William Rycroft, as he will be sure to hear of it. I expected to be terribly blamed, unless—unless you or I tell him also what has passed to-night; he is sure to be delighted at *that*, you know."

She said this in a hurried, agitated manner. I scarcely know what I said in answer; I was again taken for granted. The general joined us almost immediately, and we stepped into the carriage for a long drive home, which was effectually a *tete-a-tete*, as the general was fast asleep very soon; and as Justina leaned forward to talk to me in whispers, and allowed me to hold her hand in mine, I forgot everything but herself and her strange, unexpected confessions, that she had liked me from the very first, though she had been quite determined not to do so.

As soon as we arrived, I hastened to my room, not venturing to encounter the general. In the morning, however, I was doomed; he was alone in the breakfast-room when I came down. I quite longed to see Justina also, but she did not appear. Anything would have been better than an explanation with him. He began by clapping my back, shaking my hands, poking my ribs, and every English equivalent to an embrace—calling me "Lucky dog," "Sly fox," and other congratulatory epithets. At last I gained courage to ask him what he meant.

"Mean! Why, what the devil do you mean?"

I muttered something about a mistake, and that Miss Warner must have misunderstood me. I will not attempt to describe the explosion that followed, which subsided into the question: "Do you mean to say, then, you won't have her?"

I could not answer "No;" I blushed every shade from red to purple, but I could not say "No." I thought of the May-rose, and a cravat; I felt in my waistcoat pocket for the pink letter, no longer there: I looked at the turquoise ring, but I did not say "No."

"What a fool the boy is!" said my uncle, with an almost hysterical laugh of relief.—"You put me quite in a fright by your confounded shyness."

With these words, he left me; and while I was revolving some means of escape, I saw Justina's little blood-mare, and the horse I usually rode, led up to the door ready for mounting; and she herself came flying down stairs in hat and habit, a remarkably becoming dress to her, while her clear voice sounded through the spacious hall:

"Gerald! Gerald! are you not ready?"

So I found myself taken for granted again; and against my will, or rather without my will, was soon cantering down the lane by her side, as usual. At first, I resolved to be so sulky that she should be obliged to ask me for an explanation; then I would confess all about the May-rose, and throw myself on her mercy; but nothing of this happened. I could not but be flattered by the change in her manner: all her pert flippancy had disappeared—she was all gentleness and winning softness; so I put off my confession till we turned back. "When we get upon the downs," said I to myself. But on the downs we had a gallop; and she had a fight with the little mare, to make her leap over a furze-bush, which incident we talked of as we rode home. I waited in vain for an *à propos* to the May-rose. "Well," thought I, "I am determined to speak as soon as we get into the turnip-field." In the turnip-field, however, out flew a covey of partridges, which made us both devoutly wish we had guns. I began some bitter remarks upon the cruelty of the wish in her, and my horror of sporting-ladies in general. Instead of being affronted, as I hoped, she said, with great sweetness:

"Oh, Gerald, I shall give up all that sort of thing now. It is just *that* which makes me so sure you really like me, that I am—now, don't deny it—exactly the reverse of all your notions of what 'lovely woman' ought to be."

"I don't intend to deny it."

"Well, that's candid, at any rate. Now, describe what your ideal love ought to have been."

Here was an opportunity. I had nothing to do but paint a flattering likeness of my May-rose—not having a miniature of her in my bosom ready to produce—and boldly declare it was my ideal and my real love—my betrothed. But somehow or other, before we got to the end of the turnip-field, the conversation took another turn, by my admiring the droop of Justina's feather over the broad edge of her hat; and the General, on his fat cob, coming to meet us, took a load from my heart, as I thought I *must* now put it off till to-morrow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WAR SONG OF DINAS VAUR.

[There are an honest candor and unconcealed ferocity in the following, which are really quite refreshing; especially in times like these, when similar raids are always prefaced with various hypocritical professions.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter!
We made an expedition;
We met a host and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them and o'erthrew them:
They struggled hard to beat us,
But we conquered them and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The King marched out to catch us—
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall pillars,
And ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in;
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen—
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle—
And much the land bemoaned them—
Three thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,—
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
His overthrow our chorus.

HOW TO BORROW TWENTY POUNDS.

Sowerby, the actor, who was one of the most careless of mortals, frequently borrowed money, and although there was not a particle of meanness in his composition, he almost as frequently neglected to return it. On one occasion, being pressed for twenty pounds, he called upon a friend, named Montgomery, to borrow the sum, but the latter decidedly refused him, arguing that the other, though sufficiently honest, was a careless fellow who never heeded the consequences of breaking his promise to return; and that he, Montgomery, had in consequence, on one or two occasions, seriously suffered great annoyance. Sowerby pressed his suit with earnestness, but the other was inflexible. At length Sowerby left the house in dudgeon, but returned within half an hour, apparently indifferent to what had occurred, and said, "Well, if you'll not advance me any money, I presume that you'll not object to walk with me." "Certainly not," was the reply. He was muffled up in a great coat, which did not at all accord with the season, but Montgomery knew it was idle to thwart him a second time, and quietly submitted to his eccentricity. They went to the Salt-market, at an hour when the place was densely crowded with merchants and men of business, and when they had arrived in the heart of the vast throng, and from which there was no possibility of retreat, with a daring fully equal to any of the exhibitions of Rob Roy on the same ground, Sowerby turned quickly round upon his victim, and said in a calm tone, "I must have that twenty pounds." Montgomery, treating it half in jest, half earnest, again refused. Sowerby then firmly grasped his arm, at the same time renewing his entreaties; but Montgomery, notwithstanding his extreme amiability of disposition, at length was roused into a strong feeling of annoyance, and rebuked him rather sharply. Perhaps there never was a man more sensitively nervous than Montgomery upon any point that could by possibility bring him before the public out of his vocation, more especially when composed of all classes, such as were assembled in the Salt market. Sowerby knew this, and played with and tickled his victim like a trout, till he arrived at his object. He then, with a cool determination, and which the other knew it was vain to trifle with, repeated "I must have the money, or I'll publicly expose you." "How!" said Montgomery, "what do you mean?" "Simply this,"—he then partially unbuttoned his coat, and displayed beneath a harlequin jacket with all its gay parti-colors and richly spangled. "Now you will walk with me in this dress, or lend the money." What was the result? Twenty pounds were immediately advanced!

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE.—There is nothing short of revelation that more beautifully or satisfactorily proves the existence of an Almighty mind than the fewness and simplicity of the ultimate elements of animal and vegetable life. Thus, there are but four elementary principles essentially necessary, and but six generally employed to form every variety of organic life; nitrogen, carbon, oxygen and hydrogen are the bases, to which sulphur and phosphorus may be considered supplementary. With these, infinitely varied in their atomic proportions, are built up not only the whole animal kingdom, but also every variety of the vegetable world—from wheat, "the staff of life," to the poison of the deadly Upas tree.—It is also worthy of remark, that these four elemental principles are those also of which both air and water are composed, so that air and water may be considered in truth and fact as being the original elements of organic life.—*Dr. Toulmin.*

VENETIANS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

VENICE.

Whan love's own Queen, just risen from the deep,
Radiant with youth, and beautiful from sleep,
Beheld her image in the tranquil wave,
Her home she recognised, her name she gave,
Founded her city upon Adria's strand,
And bade old Saturn hold his wasting hand.

He of the hour glass and the scythe replied,
"'Tis mine to spoil the works of human pride,
To wear the statue and the shrine away,
And roll the victors' column on the clay.
All powerful over others, upon me
Thy charms are powerless, daughter of the sea!
And yet, can I resist thy will divine,
And desecrate with age thy chosen shrine,
Refuse to thee the Heaven-appointed rite,
And scorn thy will, immortal Aphrodite?
This I can grant; and this alone: o'er all
This hand must triumph. Tower and spire must fall;
Dome, column, monument and arch must wear
Before this scythe, unknowing how to spare.
But all the changes wrought by this stern hand,
Shall to new charms beneath thy smile expand;
And Venus' image still upon the place,
Shall rest divine and cast immortal grace;
Victorious o'er dark ruin, shall array
Her chosen shrine with her celestial day,
And call fresh beauties forth, and triumph o'er decay."

HUME, THE SPIRITUALIST.

A ROMANCE OF THE DAY.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

We have a number of strange stories of Scotsmen turning up in distant regions of the world, in positions wonderfully in contrast with their native poverty; one, for instance, of a certain vizier at Constantinople proving to be identical with the son of the bellman of Kirkcaldy. But perhaps none of these tales, veracious or fabulous, involves a more romantic transition than one which the possession of some rather novel documents puts it in our power now to relate. This new story, moreover, involves a set of alleged powers or susceptibilities more wonderful than any ever laid in the name of Cagliostro, or any of the magicians of the middle ages.

The subject of our sketch is a young man, born near Edinburgh, in March, 1833, but who was taken at the age of nine by his parents to America, where he has spent the greater part of his subsequent life. When we state that he was, only eight years ago, apprentice to a humble trade in the town of Norwich, Connecticut, and has since been the favored visitor of several European courts, and was last summer married to a Russian lady, of noble birth and large fortune, and all this without the possession of any special talents, attainments, or external attractions, the curiosity of the reader will probably be thoroughly aroused regarding him. The peculiarities by which he has actually been enabled to attain so high distinctions are such as usually render a man an object of suspicion it is true, but the fact and circumstances of the elevation do not the less constitute a modern marvel of a kind well deserving of notice. The whole case becomes the more interesting to us, from its being strangely involved with that of a living sovereign of equally marvellous history, and the development of whose destiny is yet in the future.

Mr. Daniel D. Hume is a slender, fair-complexioned young man, with no peculiarity of appearance beyond that of extremely weak health. He has till lately had no education but that of his original grade. Obliged at seventeen by bad health to quit the humble trade to which he had been apprenticed, he was in some danger of destitution, his father being too poor to assist him; but it chanced at that time that a great number of people of the middle and upper classes in America were interested in a system held by them as a new revelation of the spiritual or ultra-physical world, while condemned by the outer public as a monstrous delusion. Whether true, or partially true,—true in the external facts, and only misunderstood and misnamed—or altogether moonshine and folly—certain it is that thousands of passing-shrewd people, who at first regarded it in the latter light, were brought round to see something else in it, and to enter on its investigation with a portion of the order of the national mind. There was such a group of people at Springfield, Massachusetts, and some rich men among them. To them Hume came, penniless and forlorn, for patronage and a livelihood, because from childhood he had possessed the gifts which qualified him to be one of those passive priests of the new temple, named in America "mediums"—that is, human organisms fitted to bring out the latent spiritual existences, and enable them to hold converse with living persons. More than this, wherever Hume was, spirits worked around him, producing the most singular mechanical results. Thus, when left at three years old to play on the carpet, and too weakly to move about, his playthings were brought to his hands by invisible means. Of things more than mortal, he had then, as the poet supposes of Shakspeare, his visions. Being thus endowed, he was eagerly received into the "circles," or investigation-clubs, as they might be called, at Springfield, one gentleman named Elmer being good enough to give him a home, in which he remained about a year. "There were," says a local journal,* "great stories of the marvel he performed while here, and many of the 'solid men' of the city had the honor of riding tables that were lifted and tumbled about by the stress of his mysterious power." Among those who came to a belief in the honest reality of these things, was a young native of Minorca, named Andreau, a printer, who in time favored the public with an account of his experiences. He professed to have been, while in Hume's presence, touched by invisible hands; bells moved by invisible means round the company; and the floor and furniture shook as if under an earthquake. But at length Hume tired of the life he led at Springfield, and came to New York, with the design of studying medicine as a profession; and he actually entered on such a course under the care of a homœopathic physician, named Gray.

A gentleman signing himself L. J. Worth, lately communicated, through a New York paper, some particulars of an experience he had had in Hume's company, in November, 1854, when "billeted" with him at the village of Ravenswood. "I proposed to Hume," he says, "to allow me to lie down with him when he went to bed, for an hour or two, as I was told that some curious manifestations might be expected. Accordingly, taking off only my coat and boots, I ensconced my self alongside of him under the bed-clothes, first locking the door and fastening the window-shutters, and ascertaining that we were the sole occupants of the room.

"Almost immediately after the light was extinguished, I heard raps all around me—on the floor, on the walls, on the head-board, on my pillow; in fact, everywhere. The sounds varied in intensity from light taps on the pillow to loud, resounding blows upon the floor and walls. I asked many questions, and received intelligent answers by means of these raps. I saw, also, in various parts of the room, nebulous-looking and wandering lights, now and then crossed by dark irregular shadows. Soon I felt soft and gentle touches, as if by a human hand, upon the top and back of my head, followed quickly by the placing of a cool, moist hand upon my forehead, which I was told by means of the raps was the hand of Hume's deceased mother. In a few moments, another spirit came, and after touching me from my feet upwards, also placed a hand upon my forehead, gently pulling and smoothing my beard, and closing up my eyes, and then rapping out answers to many questions upon the closed lid. His hand felt soft and warm. Still another spirit now came, and stepped upon the bed, and began walking over it, feeling to me as if a child had climbed up and was walking over us, stepping carefully over us, and between us, but not upon us, the bed-clothes being indented at each foot-fall. In a few moments, however, the spirit lay down on the outside of the bed, and on us both, pressing with all the weight, and precisely in the same manner that a living child might have done.

"The spirit then wished me good night by the raps, and apparently departed. The whole occupied about half an hour, and during the whole time Hume and I lay upon our backs covered to the chin by the bed-clothes, and touching each other the entire length of our persons, from shoulders to heel; and during it all Hume did not stir in the least, and made no muscular movement, other than that caused by his breathing."

His health failing him again, Hume was recommended by his friends to pay a visit to England, and supplied by them very generously with the means. He arrived in London in April, 1855, and lived for some time with Mr. Cox of the hotel of that name, Jermyn Street, where many notable persons visited him, and appeared satisfied with the reality of the alleged phenomena attending him. Among the private persons whom he visited, was Mr. J. S. Rymer, a barrister residing at Ealing, near London, who has since published with his name an account of what took place. He tells us that, after many such marvels as the lifting of tables, the moving about of accordeons, and the playing of tunes on them by unseen hands, had occupied several evenings, the following took place: "The table was near the window; it was twilight—my second girl was touched by a hand; sounds were heard; the accordeon was played. * * * * It was then spelt out by sounds on the table, "Some will show you their hands to-night." The table was then gently raised and lifted up several times. A hand appeared above the table, and took from the dress of one of the party a miniature brooch, and handed it to several at the table. Hands and arms were then distinctly seen by all at the table, of different forms and sizes; sometimes crossed as in prayer, and at other times pointing upwards." "We have not only," he adds, "seen hands and arms, but they have been repeatedly felt by all at table as distinctly as though they were hands and arms of living mortals, and we have very frequently shaken hands with them as really and substantially as one man shakes hands with another."* Most people will revolt somewhat at these recitals; but it must be generally owned that, as the avowed belief of an educated gentleman of good character in our age, they are highly remarkable. It may be noticed that they are accompanied by many expressions showing the earnest religious impressions under which their author lives.

With pecuniary means supplied by Mr. Rymer, Hume went to Paris in July, accompanied by Mr. Rymer's son, and nominally as the young man's tutor. Some American gentlemen then took him along with them to Florence, where he spent the winter, and astonished many English residents with his marvels. Here, however, a revolution took place in his mind. He became convinced that the phenomena in America, however veritable, were of a discommendable nature, in as far as they had not in general a religious aspect. The doctrines of the Catholic church, recommended to him probably by the affinity of the so-called miracles of the saints to his own mysterious gifts, were embraced by him. The priests, however, condemned the exercise of his alleged control of spirits, and he soon after announced that the power had suddenly deserted him. On the 27th of March, 1856, he was received into the Catholic church. At first, he feared that he should again be thrown destitute; but a Polish nobleman now took him up, and conducted him to Paris, where he remained for several months in low health and devoid of his former power. At length, after a year's cessation—namely, in February, 1857—it returned in all its former force, and he was speedily introduced into very high circles, not excepting that of the court. During the ensuing month, Mr. Hume and his spirits were the reigning topic of Paris. In the presence of the Emperor, the Empress, and a very small and select party, many of the marvels previously described are alleged to have taken place, leaving impressions of mingled wonder and suspicion. The Emperor beheld all with his characteristic nonchalance, and never allowed an expression of assent to drop from his lips. It has been stated, however, that, on his saying, one evening, that he could not be convinced of the presence of a spirit unless he should receive from one some raps on the shoulder, immediately some hard blows were given him in that quarter. The Empress was made to lift a heavy table which at other times she could scarcely move; and such a piece of furniture was one night made to float in the air, so high that her imperial husband's arm could scarcely reach its legs. She put her handkerchief, Spanish fashion, under her garter, and desired Hume to ask his spirits to tell where it was. Presently, it is said, she felt a pair of clammy cold hands disengaging it, and it was immediately after seen floating in the air. According to all the accounts of Hume, his demeanor on these occasions was quiet and unimpassioned, the contrary of the usual conduct of a conjuror. Three gentlemen on one occasion played a trick upon him, which was at first rather damaging, because it raised a laugh against him. It was suggested to him to ask the spirit of Socrates to appear, and, when he obeyed, a figure like the Greek philosopher came forward, and passed before the company. Frederick the Great, in like manner, was summoned, and presented himself; but Hume, detecting something inappropriate, became convinced there was imposture in both cases. At his command, the personator confessed the trick. It was unlucky for this attempt at ridicule, that the appearances presented were not of a nature which ever before took place among the spiritualists, or were within the alleged powers of Hume.

Early in the summer of 1857, Hume was enabled, by the liberality of Louis Napoleon, to revisit America, chiefly for the purpose of bringing a young girl, his sister, to Paris, the Empress having undertaken to have her educated. While in his native village, he employed a part of the means at his disposal in purchasing a farm for his uncle. Returning in September, he was immediately telegraphed for to the Court at Fontainbleau, and there introduced to the King of Bavaria. Soon after, we find him at Baden-Baden, on an intimate footing with the King of Wurtemberg, and other great persons. One cannot but say that, on any theory of imposture, it is most discreditable to all these great folk that none of them have yet been able to detect it.

Not long afterwards, Hume was "impressed" to go to Rome: by which we suppose is meant, that some of his invisible familiars tacitly impelled him to travel thither. Immediately on arriving, he was met by a friend, who expressed the greatest gratification in seeing him, having for some time been anxious to introduce him to a Russian family of rank, who were interested in his history. He was conducted accordingly, to the lodgings of the Count Koucheleff, where he experienced a most favorable reception, and in three weeks a marriage between him and the Count's sister was arranged. In July, 1859, he came to London, and thence to Edinburgh, for the purpose of obtaining those certificates of parentage and nativity which are required for a marriage in Russia. The nuptials were celebrated on the 1st of August, at St. Petersburg, under circumstances of the highest *éclat*. The Emperor sent two of his aides-de-camp to be present, and gave Mr. Hume a diamond ring of the value of three hundred guineas. Alexander Dumas, the celebrated novelist, made a special tour into Russia, to act as groomsman; and he has given us some account of how this was determined on. As a specimen of the man, it is perfect:

"On seeing me enter, the Count and Countess Koucheleff rose, came to meet me, conducted me to an arm-chair, and then sat down, one on my right, the other on my left. 'Monsieur Dumas,' said the Count, to me, 'we have observed how fatigued you were when going away at two o'clock in the morning.' 'I confess to you, Count,' I replied, 'that it quite deranges my habits.' 'Well,' said the Countess, 'henceforth, we shall suffer you to go at midnight.' 'It is very easy to say so, Countess.' 'What could I do?' 'It must, however, be attempted, but on one condition,' said the Count. 'What?' The Countess undertook to answer: 'That you come with us to St. Petersburg.' I bounded, the thing seemed to me so foolish. 'Caper, frisk,' said the Countess, 'yet we confidently expect you.' 'But it is impossible, Countess.' 'How impossible?' asked the Count. 'Undoubtedly.' 'You must set out next Tuesday—that is to say, in five days.' * * * *

"'Countess,' said I to her, 'I require three days to decide.' 'I give you three minutes,' said she; 'either we will refuse our sister to Monsieur Hume, or you shall be his groomsman.' I rose, went on the balcony, and deliberated. I remembered that my resolution had already been formed to set out for Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt; considered that Mazelina, the ship-builder, demanded five months to finish our vessel; still thought that under the circumstances, nothing could be more interesting than a journey through Russia. I reflected that the readers of *Monte Christo*, being my especial friends, would accept what I should give them, quite certain that I would do all I possibly could not to alienate them. I thought at last all this mere madness; and this was, I much fear, the reflection which determined me. After two minutes and a half, I returned to the Countess. 'Well?' she inquired of me. 'Well, Countess,' I responded, 'I depart with you.' The Count warmly pressed my hand. Hume embraced me. And this is how, dear readers, I set out. Behold me already at St. Petersburg."

Whether, contrary to rule, there are to be post-matrimonial chapters to this romance, remains to be seen. It is alleged that the hero undertook with his bride that there are to be no more spirit manifestations. Already, however, the engagement has been broken, for the curiosity of the Russian Court was too great to be resisted, and he is said to have given way to their desires.

*Springfield Republican, November, 1858.

* Mr. Rymer's pamphlet, from which these extracts are made, was published by Mr. Bailliere, in 1857.

☞ Fortune is painted blind, that she may not blush to behold the fools who belong to her.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE FIRST. RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PERIOD.

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

There were a King with a large jaw and a Queen with a plain face, on the throne of England; there were a King with a large jaw and a Queen with a fair face, on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State preserves of loaves and fishes, that things in general were settled for ever.

It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favored period, as at this. Mrs. Southcott had recently attained her five-and-twentieth blessed birthday, of whom a prophetic private in the Life Guards had heralded the sublime appearance by announcing that arrangements were made for the swallowing up of London and Westminster. Even the Cock-lane ghost had been laid only a round dozen of years, after rapping out its messages, as the spirits of this very year last past (supernaturally deficient in originality) rapped out theirs. Mere messages in the earthly order of events had lately come to the English Crown and People, from a congress of British subjects in America; which, strange to relate, have proved more important to the human race than any communications yet received through any of the chickens of the Cock-lane brood.

France, less favored on the whole as to matters spiritual than her sister of the shield and trident, rolled with exceeding smoothness down hill, making paper money and spending it. Under the guidance of her Christian pastors, she entertained herself besides, with such humane achievements as sentencing a youth to have his hands cut off, his tongue torn out with pincers, and his body burned alive, because he had not kneeled down in the rain to do honor to a dirty procession of monks which passed within his view, at a distance of some fifty or sixty yards. It is likely enough that, rooted in the woods of France and Norway, there were growing trees, when that sufferer was put to death, already marked by the Woodman, Fate, to come down and be sawn into boards, to make a certain movable framework with a sack and a knife in it, terrible in history. It is likely enough that in the rough outhouses of some tillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris, there were sheltered from the weather that very day, rude carts, bespattered with rustic mire, snuffed about by pigs, and roosted in by poultry, which the Farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrils of the Revolution. But, that Woodman and that Farmer, though they work unceasingly, work silently, and no one heard them as they went about with muffled tread; the rather, forasmuch as to entertain any suspicion that they were awake, was to be atheistical and traitorous.

In England, there was scarcely an amount of order and protection to justify much national boasting. Daring burglaries by armed men, and highway robberies, took place in the capital itself every night; families were publicly cautioned not to go out of town without removing their furniture to upholsterers' warehouses for security; the highwayman in the dark was a city tradesman in the light, and, being recognized and challenged by his fellow-tradesman whom he stopped in his character of "the Captain," gallantly shot him through the head and rode away; the mail was waylaid by seven robbers, and the guard shot three dead, and then got shot dead himself by the other four, "in consequence of the failure of his ammunition;" after which the mail was robbed in peace; that magnificent potentate, the Lord Mayor of London, was made to stand and deliver on Turnham Green, by one highwayman, who despoiled the illustrious creature in sight of all his retinue; prisoners in London gaols fought battles with their turnkeys, and the majesty of the law fired blunderbusses in among them, loaded with rounds of shot and ball; thieves snipped off diamond crosses from the necks of noble lords at Court drawing-rooms; musketeers went into St. Giles's, to search for contraband goods, and the mob fired on the musketeers, and the musketeers fired on the mob; and nobody thought any of these occurrences much out of the common way. In the midst of them, the hangman, ever busy and ever worse than useless, was in constant requisition; now, stringing up long rows of miscellaneous criminals; now, hanging a housebreaker on Saturday who had been taken on Tuesday; now, burning people in the hand at Newgate by the dozen, and now burning pamphlets at the door of Westminster hall; to-day, taking the life of an atrocious murderer, and to-morrow of a wretched pilferer who had robbed a farmer's boy of sixpence.

All these things, and a thousand like them, came to pass in and close upon the dear old year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Environed by them, while the Woodman and the Farmer worked unheeded, those two of the large jaws, and those other two of the plain and the fair faces, trod with stir enough, and carried their divine rights with a high hand. Thus did the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five conduct their Greatnesses, and myriads of small creatures—the creatures of this chronicle among the rest—along the roads that lay before them.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAIL.

It was the Dover road that lay, on a Friday night late in November, before the first of the persons with whom this history has business. The Dover road lay, as to him, beyond the Dover mail, as it lumbered up Shooter's Hill. He walked up-hill in the mire by the side of the mail, as the rest of the passengers did; not because they had the least relish for walking exercise, under the circumstances, but because the hill, and the harness, and the mud, and the mail, were all so heavy, that the horses had three times already come to a stop, besides once drawing the coach across the road, with the mutinous intent of taking it back to Blackheath. Reins and whip and coachman and guard, however, in combination, had read that article of war which forbade a purpose otherwise strongly in favor of the argument, that some brute animals are endued with Reason; and the team had capitulated and returned to their duty.

With drooping heads and tremulous tails, they mashed their way through the thick mud, floundering and stumbling between whiles, as if they were falling to pieces at the larger joints. As often as the driver rested them and brought them to a stand, with a wary "Wo-ho! so-ho then!" the near leader violently shook his head and everything upon it—like an unusually emphatic horse, denying that the coach could be got up the hill. Whenever the leader made this rattle, the passenger started, as a nervous passenger might, and was disturbed in mind.

There was a steaming mist in all the hollows, and it had roamed in its forlornness up the hill, like an evil spirit, seeking rest and finding none. A clammy and intensely cold mist, it made its slow way through the air in ripples that visibly followed and overspread one another, as the waves of an unwholesome sea might do. It was dense enough to shut out everything from the light of the coach-lamps but these its own workings, and a few yards of road; and the reek of the laboring horses steamed into it, as if they had made it all.

Two other passengers, besides the one, were plodding up the hill by the side of the mail. All three were wrapped to the cheek-bones and over the ears, and wore jack-boots. Not one of the three could have said, from anything he saw, what either of the other two was like; and each was hidden under almost as many wrappers from the eyes of the mind, as from the eyes of the body, of his two companions. In those days, travellers were very shy of being confidential on a short notice, for anybody on the road might be a robber or in league with robbers. As to the latter, when every posting-house and ale-house could produce somebody in "the Captain's" pay, ranging from the landlord to the lowest stable nondescript, it was the likeliest thing upon the cards. So the guard of the Dover mail thought to himself, that Friday night in November, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, lumbering up Shooter's Hill, as he stood on his own particular perch behind the mail, beating his feet, and keeping an eye and a hand on the arm-chest before him, where a loaded blunderbuss lay at the top of six or eight loaded horse-pistols, deposited on a substratum of cutlass.

The Dover mail was in its usual genial position that the guard suspected the passengers, the passengers suspected one another and the guard, they all suspected everybody else, and the coachman was sure of nothing but the horses; as to which cattle he could with a clear conscience have taken his oath on the two Testaments, that they were not fit for the journey.

"Wo-ho!" said the coachman. "So, then! One more pull and you're at the top, and be hanged to you, for I have had trouble enough to get you to it!—Joe!"

"Halloa!" the guard replied.

"What o'clock do you make it, Joe?"

"Ten minutes good, past eleven."

"My blood!" ejaculated the vexed coachman, "and not atop of Shooter's yet! Tst! Yah! Get on with you!"

The emphatic horse, cut short by the whip in a most decided negative, made a scramble for it, and the three other horses followed suit. Once more, the Dover mail struggled on, with the jack-boots of its passengers squashing along by its side. They had stopped when the coach stopped, and they kept close company with it. If any one of the three had had the hardihood to propose to another to walk on a little ahead into the mist and darkness, he would have put himself in a fair way of getting shot instantly as a highwayman.

The last burst carried the mail to the summit of the hill. The horses stopped to breathe again, and the guard got down to skid the wheel for the descent, and open the coach door to let the passengers in.

"Tst! Joe!" cried the coachman in a warning voice, looking down from his box.

"What do you say, Tom?"

They both listened.

"I say a horse at a canter coming up, Joe."

"I say a horse at a gallop, Tom," returned the guard, leaving his hold of the door, and mounting nimbly to his place. "Gentlemen! In the King's name, all of you!"

With this hurried adjuration, he cocked his blunderbuss, and stood on the offensive.

The passenger booked by this history, was on the coach step, getting in; the two other passengers were close behind him, and about to follow. He remained on the step, half in the coach and half out of it; they remained in the road below him. They all looked from the coachman to the guard, and from the guard to the coachman, and listened. The coachman looked back, and the guard looked back, and even the emphatic leader pricked up his ears and looked back, without contradicting.

The stillness consequent on the cessation of the rumbling and laboring of the coach, added to the stillness of the night, made it very quiet indeed. The panting of the horses communicated a tremulous motion to the coach, as if it were in a state of agitation. The hearts of the passengers beat loud enough perhaps to be heard; but at any rate, the quiet pause was audibly expressive of people out of breath, and holding the breath, and having the pulses quickened by expectation.

The sound of a horse at a gallop came fast and furiously up the hill.

"So-ho!" the guard sang out, as loud as he could roar. "Yo there! Stand! I shall fire!"

The pace was suddenly checked, and, with much splashing and floundering, a man's voice called from the mist, "Is that the Dover mail?"

"Never you mind what it is!" the guard retorted. "What are you?"

"*Is* that the Dover mail?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I want a passenger, if it is."

"What passenger?"

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry."

Our booked passenger showed in a moment that it was his name. The guard, the coachman, and the two other passengers, eyed him distrustfully.

"Keep where you are," the guard called to the voice in the mist, "because, if I should make a mistake, it could never be set right in your lifetime. Gentleman of the name of Lorry answer straight."

"What is the matter?" asked the passenger, then, with mildly quavering speech. "Who wants me? Is it Jerry?

("I don't like Jerry's voice, if it is Jerry," growled the guard to himself. "He's hoarser than suits me, is Jerry.")

"Yes, Mr. Lorry."

"What is the matter?"

"A despatch sent after you from over yonder. T. and Co."

"I know this messenger, guard," said Mr. Lorry, getting down into the road—assisted from behind more swiftly than politely by the other two passengers, who immediately scrambled into the coach, shut the door, and pulled up the window. "He may come close; there's nothing wrong."

"I hope there ain't, but I can't make so 'Nation sure of that," said the guard, in gruff soliloquy. "Hallo, you!"

"Well! And hallo, you!" said Jerry, more hoarsely than before.

"Come on at a footpace; d'ye mind me? And if you've got holsters to that saddle o' yours, don't let me see your hand go nigh 'em. For I'm a devil at a quick mistake, and when I make one it takes the form of Lead. So now let's look at you."

The figures of a horse and rider came slowly through the eddying mist, and came to the side of the mail, where the passenger stood. The rider stooped, and casting up his eyes at the guard, handed the passenger a small folded paper. The rider's horse was blown, and both horse and rider were covered with mud, from the hoofs of the horse to the hat of the man.

"Guard," said the passenger, in a tone of quiet business confidence.

The watchful guard, with his right hand at the stock of his raised blunderbuss, his left at the barrel, and his eye on the horseman, answered curtly, "Sir."

"There is nothing to apprehend. I belong to Tellson's Bank. You must know Tellson's Bank in London. I am going to Paris on business. A crown to drink. I may read this?"

"If so be as you're quick, sir."

He opened it in the light of the coach-lamp on that side, and read—first to himself and then aloud: "'Wait at Dover for Ma'amselle.' It's not long, you see, guard. Jerry, say that my answer was, RECALLED TO LIFE."

Jerry started in his saddle. "That's a Blazing strange answer, too," said he, at his hoarsest.

"Take that message back, and they will know that I received this, as well as if I wrote. Make the best of your way. Good night."

With those words the passenger opened the coach door and got in; not at all assisted by his fellow-passengers, who had expeditiously secreted their watches and purses in their boots, and were now making a general pretence of being asleep. With no more definite purpose than to escape the hazard of originating any other kind of action.

The coach lumbered on again with heavier wreaths of mist closing round it as it began the descent. The guard soon replaced his blunderbuss in his arm-chest, and, having looked to the rest of its contents, and having looked to the supplementary pistols that he wore in his belt, looked to a smaller chest beneath his seat, in which there were a few smith's tools, a couple of torches, and a tinder-box. For he was furnished with that completeness, that if the coach-lamps had been blown and stormed out, which did occasionally happen, he had only to shut himself up inside, keep the flint and steel sparks well off the straw, and get a light with tolerable safety and ease (if he were lucky) in five minutes.

"Tom!" softly over the coach-roof.

"Hallo, Joe."

"Did you hear the message?"

"I did, Joe."

"What did you make of it, Tom?"

"Nothing at all, Joe."

"That's a coincidence, too," the guard mused, "for I made the same of it myself."

Jerry, left alone in the mist and darkness, dismounted meanwhile, not only to ease his spent horse, but to wipe the mud from his face, and shake the wet out of his hat-brim, which might be capable of holding about half a gallon. After standing with the bridle over his heavily splashed arm, until the wheels of the mail were no longer within hearing and the night was quite still again, he turned to walk down the hill.

"After that there gallop from Temple-bar, old lady, I won't trust your fore-legs till I get you on the level," said this hoarse messenger, glancing at his mare. "'Recalled to life.' That's a Blazing strange message. Much of that wouldn't do for you, Jerry! I say, Jerry! You'd be in a Blazing bad way, if recalling to life was to come into fashion, Jerry!"

CHAPTER III.

THE NIGHT SHADOWS.

A wonderful fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every other. A solemn consideration, when I enter a great city by night, that every one of those darkly clustered houses encloses its own secret; that every room in every one of them encloses its own secret; that every beating heart in the hundreds of thousands of breasts there, is, in some

of its imaginings, a secret to the heart nearest it! Something of the awfulness, even of Death itself, is referable to this. No more can I turn the leaves of this dear book that I loved, and vainly hope in time to read it all. No more can I look into the depths of this unfathomable water, wherein, as momentary lights glanced into it, I have had glimpses of buried treasure and other things submerged. It was appointed that the book should shut with a spring, forever and forever, when I had read but a page. It was appointed that the water should be locked in an eternal frost, when the light was playing on its surface, and I stood in ignorance on the shore. My friend is dead, my neighbor is dead, my love, the darling of my soul, is dead; it is the inexorable consolidation and perpetuation of the secret that was always in that individuality, and which I shall carry in mine to my life's end. In any of the burial places of this city through which I pass, is there a sleeper more inscrutable than its busy inhabitants are, in their innermost personality, to me, or than I am to them?

As to this, his natural and not to be alienated inheritance, the messenger on horseback had exactly the same possessions as the King, the first Minister of State, or the richest merchant in London. So with the three passengers shut up in the narrow compass of one lumbering old mail coach; they were mysteries to one another, as complete as if each had been in his own coach and six, or his own coach and sixty, with the breadth of a county between him and the next.

The messenger rode back at an easy trot, stopping pretty often at ale-houses by the way to drink, but evincing a tendency to keep his own counsel, and to keep his hat cocked over his eyes. He had eyes that assorted very well with that decoration, being of a surface black, with no depth in the color or form, and much too near together—as if they were afraid of being found out in something, singly, if they kept too far apart. They had a sinister expression, under an old cocked-hat like a three-cornered spittoon, and it over a great muffler for the chin and throat, which descended nearly to the wearer's knees. When he stopped for drink, he moved this muffler with his left hand, only while he poured his liquor in with his right; as soon as that was done, he muffled again.

"No, Jerry, no!" said the messenger, harping on one theme as he rode. "It wouldn't do for you, Jerry. Jerry, you honest tradesman, it wouldn't suit your line of business! Recalled—! Bust me if I don't think he'd been a drinking!"

His message perplexed his mind to that degree that he was fain, several times, to take off his hat to scratch his head. Except on the crown, which was raggedly bald, he had stiff, black hair, standing jaggedly all over it, and growing down-hill almost to his broad, blunt nose. It was so like smith's work, so much more like the top of a strongly spiked wall than a head of hair, that the best of players at leap-frog might have declined him, as the most dangerous man in the world to go over.

While he trotted back with the message he was to deliver to the night watchman in his box at the door of Tellson's Bank, by Temple-bar, who was to deliver it to greater authorities within, the shadows of the night took such shapes to him as arose out of the message, and took such shapes to the mare as arose out of *her* private topics of uneasiness. They seemed to be numerous, for she shied at every shadow on the road.

What time the mail-coach lumbered, jolted, rattled, and bumped upon its tedious way, with its three fellow inscrutables inside. To whom, likewise, the shadows of the night revealed themselves, in the forms their dozing eyes and wandering thoughts suggested.

Tellson's Bank had a run upon it in the mail. As the bank passenger—with an arm drawn through the leathern strap, which did what lay in it to keep him from pounding against the next passenger, and driving him into his corner, whenever the coach got a special jolt—nodded in his place with half-shut eyes, the little coach-windows, and the coach-lamp dimly gleaming through them, and the bulky bundle of opposite passenger, became the bank, and did a great stroke of business. The rattle of the harness was the chink of money, and more drafts were honored in five minutes than even Tellson's, with all its foreign and home connexion, ever paid in thrice the time. Then, the strong-rooms underground, at Tellson's, with such of their valuable stores and secrets as were known to the passenger (and it was not a little that he knew about them), opened before him, and he went in among them with the great keys and the feebly-burning candle, and found them safe, and strong, and sound, and still, just as he had last seen them.

But, though the bank was almost always with him, and though the coach (in a confused way, like the presence of pain under an opiate), was always with him, there was another current of impression that never ceased to run, all through the night. He was on his way to dig some one out of a grave.

Now, which of the multitude of faces that showed themselves before him was the true face of the buried person, the shadows of the night did not indicate; but they were all the faces of a man of five-and-forty by years, and they differed principally in the passions they expressed, and in the ghastliness of their worn and wasted state. Pride, contempt, defiance, stubbornness, submission, lamentation, succeeded one another; so did varieties of sunken cheek, cadaverous color, emaciated hands and figures. But the face was in the main one face, and every head was prematurely white. A hundred times the dozing passenger inquired of this spectre:

"Buried how long?"

The answer was always the same: "Almost eighteen years."

"You had abandoned all hope of being dug out?"

"Long ago."

"You know that you are recalled to life?"

"They tell me so."

"I hope you care to live?"

"I can't say."

"Shall I show her to you? Will you come and see her?"

The answers to this question were various and contradictory. Sometimes the broken reply was, "Wait! It would kill me if I saw her too soon." Sometimes, it was given in a tender rain of tears, and then it was, "Take me to her." Sometimes, it was staring and bewildered, and then it was, "I don't know her. I don't understand."

After such imaginary discourse, the passenger in his fancy would dig, and dig, dig—now, with a spade, now with a great key, now with his hands—to dig this wretched creature out. Got out at last, with earth hanging about his face and hair, he would suddenly fall away to dust. The passenger would then start to himself, and lower the window, to get the reality of mist and rain on his cheek.

Yet even when his eyes were opened on the mist and rain, on the moving patch of light from the lamps, and the hedge at the roadside retreating by jerks, the night shadows outside the coach would fall into the train of the night shadows within. The real Banking-house by Temple-bar, the real business of the past day, the real strong-rooms, the real express sent after him, and the real message returned, would all be there. Out of the midst of them, the ghostly face would rise, and he would accost it again.

"Buried how long?"

"Almost eighteen years."

"I hope you care to live?"

"I can't say."

Dig—dig—dig—until an impatient movement from one of the two passengers would admonish him to pull up the window, draw his arm securely through the leathern strap, and speculate upon the two slumbering forms, until his mind lost its hold of them, and they again slid away into the bank and the grave.

"Buried how long?"

"Almost eighteen years."

"You had abandoned all hope of being dug out?"

"Long ago."

The words were still in his hearing as just spoken—distinctly in his hearing as ever spoken words had been in his life—when the weary passenger started to the consciousness of daylight, and found that the shadows of the night were gone.

He lowered the window, and looked out at the rising sun. There was a ridge of ploughed land, with a plough upon it where it had been left last night when the horses were unyoked; beyond, a quiet coppice-wood, in which many leaves of burning red and golden yellow still remained upon the trees. Though the earth was cold and wet, the sky was clear, and the sun rose bright, placid, and beautiful.

"Eighteen years!" said the passenger, looking at the sun. "Gracious Creator of Day! To be buried alive for eighteen years!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Female Sickles.—Some three months ago a family residing in the southern portion of this fair city of ours had occasion to "send East"—as merchants do for Spring goods—for a young Northern girl with whom they were acquainted, to take charge of the housekeeping and juvenile department of the household, i. e., to wash up sundry pieces of tarnished crockery and "spank up" sundry specimens of refractory and rebellious young America, when occasion should require.

"Fair Down East" came far down South—was received, and duly initiated into the mysteries of her new office, and for the first two weeks gave every satisfaction, until, alas! her roguish eyes and winning voice began to *tell* upon the head of the family with whom she was engaged. Alas, for the inconstancy of man that marriage vows should be so soon forgotten—the loving glances that were wont to be shot across the table to the spot where the teapot simmered were now directed askant and stealthily toward the side seat occupied by "our Mary Ann." The quiet mistress of the house—the fair deity that presided over the teacups at meal times—observed these little interchanges of recognition, but said nothing; until one day having occasion to go out shopping, she took it into her head to return rather suddenly, and, to her utter astonishment, observed through a crevice in the hall door as she swept along, her liege lord sitting on a sofa and clasping the hand of the faithless Mary Ann, who, with blushing cheeks and downcast eyelashes, was listening to a most passionate appeal, delivered in a tone almost inaudible in its gentle softness.

Her mind was made up instantly as to what course to pursue—for she was a determined woman. She made three springs and cleared the steps—reached her chamber, and took from the mantel a terrible instrument of torture, manufactured from raw-hide and sold by the yard at ten cents each; then she crept down the staircase with the stealthiness of a cat, but, it was with the ferocity of a tigress that she sprang into the room and pounced upon the unsuspecting culprits, to both of whom she administered a merciless dose of cowhide, which completely scattered and confused the enemy.

The rest of the story is soon told. "Our Mary Ann" is by this time speeding onward to her Northern home as fast as a Pittsburg packet can bear her, while the amorous husband of our Sickles heroine, now works in harness as quietly and docile as ever.—*Nashville Banner.*

An Early Marriage—An Old Couple.—Runa Rockwell was married to Rachel Darling *sixty-eight years ago*—on the 11th of November 1790—he having been born in February and she in May of 1773—so that neither was eighteen years old when they married. They celebrated their "golden wedding" more than eighteen years ago. They have lived, till quite recently, on a farm in Ridgefield, Conn., which belonged to Mr. Rockwell's father and grandfather and which he has recently given to a grandson. A tavern was kept here long before the Revolution, as well as long afterward, and, when the British burnt Danbury, the father of the present senior Rockwell conveyed his wife and this child, then four years old, out of the British line of march, and then shouldered his musket and joined the defenders of Ridgefield. The then child, now old man, still clearly remembers his return with his mother to their home, and the arrival there about the same time of several Americans who had been wounded in the fight and were brought in to be cared for. Both he and his wife are still hale in body, clear in mind, and fluent in speech. They were recently on a visit to a daughter in the upper part of Westchester County, New York, where a friend visited them and obtained these particulars.

Yellow Fever.—The Sanitary Convention, recently in session in New York, passed the following resolution, which, coming from a body of medical men, distinguished for professional attainments, can scarcely fail to exercise influence throughout the country. It was offered by Dr. A. H. Stevens:

Resolved, That in the absence of any evidence establishing the conclusion that yellow fever has ever been conveyed by one person to another, it is the opinion of this Convention that personal quarantine of cases of yellow fever may be safely abolished.

On this resolution the ayes and noes were recorded, and showed ayes 85, noes 8—the only "no" of any importance being Dr. J. W. Francis of New York.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Alarming News—Ultimatum of Austria—Sardinia to Disarm—Three Days Allowed for a Reply—War the Certain Consequence of a Refusal—80,000 Austrians Ordered to Ticino—England's Proposition Rejected by Austria—French Troops Moving Towards Piedmont—Panic in the Paris Bourse—Decline in Cotton—Consols 94¼.

The Niagara brings dates to Saturday, the 23rd ult.

Austria had sent an ultimatum to Sardinia, demanding the disarmament and dispersal of the volunteers in the employ of the latter government. Three days were given for a reply to this demand. *In case of a refusal to comply war was to be declared.*

Eighty thousand more Austrian troops had been ordered to the Ticino.

Austria had rejected England's final proposition for peace.

The French troops are moving towards Piedmont. A panic prevailed on the Paris Bourse. The condition of affairs was imminent.

The three days given by the ultimatum of Austria to Sardinia would expire on Sunday evening, the 24th.

The English Government had telegraphed to Vienna a strong protest against the menace of Austria, and it is reported that Austria has replied, refusing to reconsider her action, and has already prepared a manifesto to accompany her declaration of war against Piedmont.

The commencement of the Easter holidays had prevented the full development of the effect of the news in England.

On the Paris Bourse three per cent. rentes fell 3f. in consequence of the alarming state of affairs.

The market closes flat at 64f. 90c., being a fall of over 3 per cent. in two days.

The Moniteur gives the following as the propositions made by England:—

First—To effect, previous to the assembling of the Peace Congress, a general and simultaneous disarmament.

Second—The disarmament to be regulated by a military or civil commission, independently of the Congress, to consist of six commissioners, including one from Sardinia.

Third—As soon as the commission has commenced operations, the Congress should assemble to discuss political questions.

Fourth—That the representatives of the Italian States should be invited immediately after the assembling of the Congress to take their seats with the representatives of the great Powers, absolutely as at Laybach.

France, Russia, and Prussia gave their adhesion, but Austria refused.

France, it is said, consented to the appointment of a commission, requiring only that it be composed of diplomatic individuals.

The final proposition submitted to Austria by England, was for a general disarmament to be agreed upon by commissioners from the great Powers, including Sardinia, and for the admission of the Italian States to the Peace Congress, as was the case at Laybach. To this proposition all the Powers assented except Austria.

The London Times, of the 21st ult., issued a special edition, containing the following important telegraphic dispatch:—

"Turin, April 21.—Gen. Gyulai, the Austrian Commander in Lombardy, has been ordered to present the ultimatum of Austria, requiring the disarmament and sending away the volunteers. If this is refused, war is to be declared in three days.

"Two additional divisions of the Austrian army, amounting to 30,000 men, have ben ordered to the Ticino.

The London Times adds—"We have reason to believe that the same intelligence has been received by the Government. A cabinet council was at once summoned. The English Government promptly telegraphed to Vienna the strongest protest against the above menace."

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times telegraphs under date of Thursday noon, as follows:—

"The day before yesterday, Austria forwarded a categorical summons to Sardinia to dissolve the free corps. A reply is to be given within three days from the receipt of the summons, and an evasive answer to be considered equivalent to a refusal."

At an electioneering meeting held in the city of London, it was resolved to run Lord Stanley without his consent.

M. Baring has declined the requisition made by the London conservatives, to stand as their candidate, and in consequence of his refusal, they are casting about for another candidate.

The subscriptions to the Indian loan closed on the 21st ult. Five millions were bid for at or above 95, the minimum fixed, leaving two millions to be disposed of, which is not needed for some months.

Mr. Morphy, the American chess champion, has again played eight games simultaneously while blindfolded. He won two and the others were drawn, after seven hours' play. He is on the eve of returning to America.

France.—The Paris Moniteur of Friday, says that Austria has not given its adhesion to the proposition made by England, and accepted by France, Russia, and Prussia, besides which it appears that the cabinet of Vienna has resolved upon addressing a direct communication to the cabinet of Turin, in order to obtain the disarmament of Piedmont. In consequence of these facts the Emperor has ordered a concentration of several divisions of the army on the frontiers of Piedmont.

The last pacific article in the Paris Moniteur has had but little influence, being negatived by the English ministerial explanations in Parliament, which were regarded unfavorable to the hopes of peace.

The Patrie says that General Marmoria had informed the French Government, by telegraph, that the Austrian Army had made a significant movement on the strategetical line of Ticino, and he feared an attack at any moment.

Napoleon held a council with his Ministers, attended by Prince Jerome and Napoleon, as Princes of the blood.

A number of regiments of hussars have been ordered to proceed, by forced marches to the Piedmontese frontiers.

The French soldiers absent on renewable furlough, it is reported, have all been called in.

General Randon is spoken of as Major General of the army on the Piedmont frontiers.

The first Infantry division of the army of Paris, was to leave Paris for Toulon, by railway, on the evening of the 22nd.

The Herald's Paris correspondent says that the preparations for war are pushed forward with feverish rapidity, notwithstanding the professions of a willingness to disarm.

The London Times' Paris correspondent says there is no cessation of the armaments in all quarters of France. Masses of troops continue to concentrate at Lyons.

A French army is to be collected on the Rhine frontier. Numerous cavalry regiments are already marching.

Austria.—Vienna, Friday.—The following official statement has been published:—

"Piedmont, which for some years past has endangered Austria's rights, has been summoned most urgently by Austria to disarm. Besides this demand expressly addressed to Piedmont, Austria adheres firmly to the proposal of a general disarmament, although she cannot make that proposal subordinate to the summons she has sent to Sardinia."

Prussia.—The mission of the Archduke Albrecht to Berlin is said to have been completely successful, a Military Convention with Prussia having been signed, by which the latter agrees to send to the Rhine 28,000 men, under the Prince Regent.

In case the negotiations fail, this force will be increased by the contingent force of Bavaria, 60,000 strong, and the eighth federal army corps of 60,000 men, whilst other contingents will be held in readiness to march on command.

The newspapers of Prussia are said to have been requested to publish nothing connected with the preparations for war or the movements of the troops.

A semi-official Prussian Gazette publishes an article stating that the assembling of the proposed Congress having become more doubtful, and the state of affairs having assumed a most serious aspect, the Prussian Government is induced to think it is a proper time to make proposals to the Federal Diet for the purpose of taking measures for their own interest and safety. The Government has preceded these proposals by ordering a *corps d'armee*, of 70,000 to be placed on a war footing. These measures are of a purely defensive character.

Austria.—The Southern Railway has been retained for the exclusive use of the government troops, and ammunition is being constantly conveyed over it.

The danger of war is so imminent that the Federal Diet has resolved not to adjourn for the Easter holidays.

It is reported that the Austrian troops had entered Tuscany, Parma and Modena.

THE LATEST.

By Telegraph from London to Liverpool.

London, Saturday, April 23.—The Daily News says that the reply of the Emperor of Austria has been received. He declines to reconsider the responsibility incurred in commencing war in the heart of Europe.

Count Buol declares that his master, having taken his course, will pursue it to the end.

The Times says that the imperial manifesto which is to accompany the declaration of war against Sardinia, is already prepared. Austria is mistress of her position, and is ready, by act of State and deed of war, to initiate the sanguinary drama upon which the curtain is about to rise. No doubt a general movement of the French forces has taken place on the entire Piedmontese frontiers.

The English journals generally *think that the last chance of peace has about vanished.*

The London Herald gives, in a semi-official form, specific and exclusive information of the movements of the French army. It says that orders have been given for the embarkation at Toulon of 30,000 troops, not to sail, however, till further orders.

The divisions at Lyons, Grenoble, Besancon, etc., were also ordered to be ready to march on a minute's notice, but not to move until further instructions were given.

The total French force destined to co-operate with Sardinia, in the event of a war, is estimated at 80,000. They will be formed in two divisions, one under Gen. Canrobert, and the other under Gen. Baraguay D'Hilliers—the whole to be under the Emperor in person.

The British Ambassador to Turin had returned to his post.

The London Stock Exchange has been closed from the 21st to the 25th. The result of the crisis has been only partially developed, the news having transpired after the official close on the 21st.

Consols have been offered without sales at 94¼, and a decline of 1 per cent. from the highest point on the day.

The panic on the French Bourse on the 21st continued on the 22d—it being at one time reported that an actual engagement had taken place on the bank of the Ticino.

"Sardinia.—The Turin correspondent of the London Times says that Count Cavour must fall if war is not declared, and such an event would possibly be the sequel of an insurrection in various parts of Italy, and perhaps serious disturbances in Piedmont, where twenty thousand Italian volunteers confidently await hostilities.

The steamers on Lake Maggiore, with one exception, have been placed at the disposal of the government.

The King of Naples still survived.

The government of Rome, it is said, has sent a private circular to the Bishops, urging them to collect men for two legions of troops. This attempt has been unsuccessful, notwithstanding the large bounty offered.

Turkey.—The apprehensions of war have aroused fears of insurrections. The reported Russian armaments in Bessarabia are confirmed. It is intended to assemble 100,000 men in Georgia.

Liverpool, April 23.—Cotton.—The circulars report a decline of 1-16@⅛ on the middling and lower qualities. The fair qualities had also suffered slightly, but there is no change in the quotations.

State of Trade.—The Manchester advices are unfavorable; the markets were very dull, yet prices were steady. The circulars report the Breadstuff market steady. Messrs Richardson, Spence & Co report Flour steady. There has been no regular market since Tuesday. Corn steady, and 1d higher. The Brokers' Circular reports Provisions firm. Beef firm; Pork firm at 76s. Bacon firm. Lard dull.

Liverpool Produce Market.—Coffee firm. Sugar dull. Rice (Carolina) firm, and advanced 6d@9d. Tea firmer. Rosin heavy, at 4s for common, and 4s 6d@8s 6d for medium. Spirits of Turpentine firm and slightly advanced; sales at 43s@43s 6d.

London Markets.—Wheat firm, and advanced 1d. Sugar quiet, and inferior qualities lower. Teas have slightly advanced.

London Money Market.—The Money Market continues unchanged. The bullion in the bank has decreased during the week £545,000. American Stocks are dull and unchanged. Consols, 94¼.

Latest.—Liverpool Breadstuffs and Provision Market, Saturday.—The Breadstuff Market has an advancing tendency. Provisions are buoyant. Tallow has slightly advanced.

Come down, come down, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height;—
In height and cold, the splendor of the hills?
Oh! cease to move so near to Heaven, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for love is of the valley; come,
For love is of the valley; come then down
And find him. —*Tennyson: The Princess.*

☞ Here's a bit of Western musical criticism, which is rather nice than otherwise:—"Of Karl Formes we would simply say, that his voice is a wonder in compass and strength, going down *clear out of sight* in the lower notes; but in regard to the musical part of it, we agree with Brown that if Karl Formes should come into our back yard at night, and sing in that style, we should feel justified in *stoning him off the premises.* We don't know but that we are alone in our opinion, and don't care if we are."

☞ Women habitually make confidence the first need of friendship.—*Madame de Stael.*

☞ A Poser.—"It is not proper for you to play school to-day, dear, for it is Sunday."

"I know it, mother, but it's Sunday-school I'm playing."

"Come, sleep, oh, sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The impartial judge between the high and low."
—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

☞ Those who have finished by making all others think with them, have usually been those who began by daring to think with themselves.—*Colton.*

☞ Forcible but not Satisfactory.—*Ingenious (but mean) Husband.*—"Purchase you a new silk dress, my dear? Well, I should not object to it but for this reason: you know man and wife, being one, you haven't an individual existence; you're absorbed in your husband, in fact. And if I expend money on you, it's only spending it on myself, which is downright selfishness; and I hate egotism; so you see, my love, I can't buy you a new silk dress. [*Wife don't see the force of the argument.*]

☞ Getting Rid of a Bore.—A *soi-disant* naturalist was boring Hook with the distinctions in formation and habits between two animals of the same *genus*. Hook, who neither knew nor wished to know anything about it, exclaimed—"It flashes on me now, I see the distinction—it's just the same in swine!" "The same?" cried the astonished naturalist. "Yes," said Hook, "you know some *pigs* are *driven*, and some *pigs* are *led*."

☞ John asked Julia if she would have him. "No," said she, "I will not have *you*;" but before John could recover from the shock, she archly put in, "but you may have *me*."

Wedlock's a very awful thing!
'Tis something like that feat in the ring,
Which requires great nerve to do it—
When one of a grand equestrian troupe
Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,
Not certain at all of what may befal
After his getting through it!
—*Thomas Hood.*

☞ Symptoms of Hard Reading.—*Student*—Oh, Mary! have you taken up the lamp and the cigars?

Mary—Yes, sir.

Student—And the whiskey, and the sugar, and the lemon, and boiling water?

Mary—Yes, sir.

Student—Then come, Jack, suppose we go into the *study!*—*Punch.*

☞ It is a part of every man's duty to give the weight of his influence to the correction of every evil which infests society, for the protection which it gives us. It is a debt. Not to pay it is dishonesty.—*Beecher.*

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down:
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining?
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?
—*Byron.*

☞ A Bad Boy.—"Daddy, I want to ask you a question?"

"Well, my son?"

"Why is neighbor Smith's liquor shop like a counterfeit bill?"

"I can't tell, son."

"Because you can't pass it!"

☞ Every man must, in a measure, be alone in the world. No heart was ever cast in the same mould as that which we bear within us.

☞ A Puff of Powder.—We were reading some time ago that gunpowder can be made out of wood. We presume, therefore, that—very soon—every soldier will *cut his stick.*

A High Old Time in Philadelphia—A Count in Trouble.—Mr. George Cheesboro is a retired actor. He is said to possess means, having purchased a countship in Austria—or somewhere else—some years ago. Mr. Cheesboro is an exquisite. He wears Canary kids, illuminated vests, and goes about so perfumed that you might take him for a Parisian barber. He also keeps a valet, and travels so strictly upon his "shape," as greatly to ingratiate himself, at first sight, with certain of the opposite sex.

About four weeks ago he engaged board and furnished rooms for himself and valet, in a fashionable boarding house opposite Washington Square. He announced himself by his title, and, in consequence, was treated like a lord. The Count commenced a grand splurge, and paid out his money like a lady. The only trouble about the Count was his late hours, and a set of habits too purely bacchanalian to suit a family of order-loving proclivities. His erratic habits and boisterous deportment were endured until Monday night, when the dangerously demonstrative character of the Count's playfulness was unmistakably manifested. On that night he came home very late reeling under a heavy load of strong waters. As he had no latchkey, a gentleman sat up for him. Upon entering the hall, the Count drew a poignard. He allowed that he was king of the premises, and expressed a determination to exterminate all hands.

The alarm was given, and officer Wilson was sent to arrest the illustrious boarder. He went up into the rooms occupied by the Count, and told his errand. The Count said, "Certainly, my man. But first scent your handkerchief." The Count then dressed, put on all his jewelry, perfumed his own and the officer's handkerchief, and was then taken before Alderman Freeman. According to the story told by the head of the family, Count Cheesboro belongs to a class of boarders who ought to be scarce. A more practical wag never drew breath. He pretended to be a Son of Malta, empowered by the Lodge to initiate members privately. Under this pretence he induced a number of persons to go through what he called the ceremony of initiation, which he conducted in a manner that ruined nearly all the handsome furniture of his rooms.

Alderman Freeman held him in $1,000 bail to keep the peace, and to restore the loss he had occasioned. A gentleman signed the Count's bail bond at once. The Count slipped out of the Alderman's office as gingerly as though the boards defiled his foot soles, and left behind him an odor of bouquet de Caroline, that lasted for six hours afterwards. That it takes all sorts of people to make a world, we were never more convinced than when studying Count Cheesboro.—*North American.*

An Attempt on Cuba.—It appears by late advices from Cuba, that an expedition to conquer that island recently did attempt a landing at Nueves Grandes on the 7th of April. This expedition consisted of the brig African—having on board thirty men and 240 guns and other munitions of war. In attempting to land, the boats were swamped, and the munitions lost. The advices add, that the Filibusters afterwards were wrecked on the island of St. Domingo, where they remain in a destitute condition and dependent upon charity. The guns saved were placed in the public stores at Port au Prince.

The Captain of the African had received $1,000 in advance.

The Spanish Consul at Hayti notified Governor-General Concha of the arrival of the Filibusters, and a steamer was dispatched from Havana in pursuit.

Nothing has been heard of the other Filibuster vessels, reported to have sailed for Cuba.

A Sad Affair.—The quiet village of North Adams, Massachusetts, was thrown into a state of unusual excitement on Sunday and Monday last, by developments of the most painful character, and involving parties who moved in the most respectable circles there.

It seems that some year and a half ago a Mr. Littlefield on the recommendation of the Bank Commissioners of Massachusetts, was assigned the clerkship of the North Adams Bank, and with his family took up his residence in that village. His position, respectable relatives, and attendance to church duties, won for him at once the confidence of the community. He early became conspicuous as a member of the choir in one of the churches. Among the female members of the choir was a daughter of a very respectable North Adams merchant. She was between sixteen and seventeen years of age, and said to have been beautiful as she was youthful. An intimacy between Littlefield and the young lady followed a short acquaintance, but it was never suspected to exceed the bounds of propriety. Late last week she was taken violently ill, and on Saturday died. Before her death she revealed the fact that she had been seduced by Littlefield, and that very recently she made known to him the circumstance that it would be impossible for her long to hide the evidence of her guilt. On this, according to her statement, Littlefield proposed that she should take medicine that he would procure for her, which he said would end all her troubles without harm to herself or making her condition known to others. To this she gladly assented, and soon afterwards took medicine which he procured. The result was her dangerous illness, subsequent revelation to her parents, and death late on Saturday night.

On Sunday, a meeting of the Directors of the Bank was held at North Adams, at which Littlefield was present. He was in great distress of mind, and at times nearly frantic. He assured the Directors that his difficulty in this matter was the sole one resting on his mind; that his account with the Bank would be found perfectly correct, and he tendered them the keys, and gave them full information in regard to all Bank affairs. Up to this time, the public had little knowledge of what had transpired, all having been kept secret. It is supposed Littlefield left North Adams on Sunday night.

On Monday, the whole story was current in the village, and, the parties being perfectly well known, it created great excitement. If Littlefield had been found by the villagers on that day, he would have been lynched. On the part of the parents and more intimate friends of the young lady, there is no disposition to pursue the author of their grief and desolation. While his victim has been laid in the grave, they would consign the seducer to no worse punishment than the communion of his own thoughts.

Since the above was written, we have been informed that Littlefield acknowledged to the Bank Directors to having seduced the young lady, but positively denied that he procured for her medicine, or advised her to have recourse to such a remedy.—*Troy Times, May 4th.*

In regard to the melancholy death of Miss Butler at North Adams, Massachusetts, the Boston Journal says that an examination of the body has disclosed the presence of poison in the stomach. The symptoms of her sudden illness gave reason to suppose that it was the cause of her death. Miss Butler was a young lady of great amiability and personal attractions, and the tragic affair has created deep feeling in the vicinity of its occurrence. The absconding cashier, who has wrought all this dire mischief, has not been heard from. It is supposed that he fled to Canada.

An American Lady's Matrimonial Adventures.—The musical world has been occupied with the debut of Madame Guerraballa, who is the daughter of a former American Consul to Liverpool, Mr. Ward. She is remarkable for great beauty. Her history is peculiar. On the death of the Consul, Mrs. Ward left for Italy, in order to complete the musical education of her daughter. At Rome the beauty and talents of the young lady attracted the attention of a young Russian nobleman, the Count Guerbel. As no other proposition but marriage was admissable, the Count demanded Miss Ward's hand, and they were privately married at Rome. A short time afterward the bridegroom disappeared; and, after the most heartrending anxiety on the part of the deserted wife and her mother, news was received of his return to Russia; and when applied to for explanation of his extraordinary conduct, he returned for answer that he considered himself a free man, not having been married in the Greek church, and that Miss Ward was also at liberty to marry whom she pleased, without any fear of molestation from him. The bitterness and indignation with which this communication was received can be well imagined; but the American mother was not to be put down by threats or contempt—she immediately set forth with her daughter for St. Petersburg. There the American Consul, taking the affair in hand, laid the case before the Emperor Nicholas, who, immediately sending for the Count, after administering a reprimand, declared it his imperial will that the marriage should be immediately performed in the imperial chapel of the palace. This was accordingly done, and Miss Ward became the Countess of Guerbel to all intents and purposes; but, the ceremony over, she withdrew, nor would she ever apply for one farthing of the income, which the Count dare not, for the life of him, withhold from her, should she insist upon claiming it. The Yankee ladies must somewhat have surprised the Muscovite gentleman.

Inconsistency of American Law.—The case of a man named Elias Neville, who has been found guilty of murder before the Superior Court of Halifax, North Carolina, is exciting some attention. It seemed that the little son of the prisoner informed his father that the deceased, a man named Philips, had attempted to commit a rape on his mother; whereupon Neville, in a fit of rage, sought out Philips, and killed him. Evidence of the attempted rape was offered by the defence, but ruled out by the Judge. A correspondent of *The Petersburgh Express*, says: "For killing such a brutal and brutish ruffian, Neville is guilty of murder. Sickles killed Key for adulterous intercourse with his wife—that wife being willing and consenting to the act—yet he is guilty of no crime, and the verdict of his acquittal is received with shouts of applause and a burst of enthusiastic approval. But what of all that? The one is a poor, humble man, the other a member of Congress, belonging to the elite—the upper ten of New York!" A new trial has been applied for by Neville's Counsel.

Sudden Death from a Singular Cause.—We find the following in the Troy Times:—

On Tuesday, of last week, a gentleman, named Augustus Bedford, belonging in New York, and who was in this city on business, got shaved at one of our barber shops. On returning from it to the store of a friend, with whom he was visiting, he remarked that he believed the barber had given him some disease, as a small pimple on his lip pained him very badly, and had commenced swelling after he was shaved, presenting an angry, inflamed appearance. During the day this soreness grew worse, and he suffered so much from it, he decided to return home, which he did on Wednesday night. His condition rapidly became more distressing—the pains extended through the body and to the vitals—and, finally, on Sunday morning, after suffering untold agony, he died. The deceased, as long as he remained sensible, attributed his sufferings to the inoculation of the pimple upon his lip with poison from the barber's razor.

FUN ALIVE:

RICH PIKE'S PEAK LETTER.

The Milwaukie *News* has a letter which is so genially humorous that we make it as attractive as possible, by means of sub-heads. If you like fun read it. It is "alleged" to be from a citizen of Horicon, Wisconsin:—

PROMISE REMEMBERED.

PIKE'S PEAK, March 1, 1859.—*My Dear Brother*:—I promised to write you a good, long letter as soon as I arrived here: and I take my pen in hand to let you know that we are all well, and to hope that these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing. You know we left Horicon for the land of gold about the 1st of February, and we arrived here yesterday. My wife stood the journey first rate, but my five oldest boys were nearly tired out when they reached here. Jane, the little ais, is happy as a lark, and says, "Tiss Uncle George for me." God bless her sweet heart.

HARDSHIPS—PICK-A-BACK LOCOMOTION.

We had all the hardships in the world before we got here. We lost our horses at Dubuque—they were stolen from us. We got some extra oxen, and lost them one hundred miles from Omaha. We then tried wheel-barrows, my wife and I wheeling by turns, till the Indians stole our barrows. Then we walked, till the Indians stole our provisions, and my family got sick, so I had to carry them all on my back. Our money gave out long before, and for two weeks we travelled through a wilderness where the foot of a human being had never trod, in this condition, seeing no living being, and without money to purchase even a cracker at any of the groceries along the line. We lived on roots till my children all looked like pigs, from rooting so long.

QUEER BACK BEND.

I have carried my family on my back till I am so round-shouldered that I can only see the blue *sky* and the bright sun by looking between my legs, and up to heaven's canopy that way. *I* lost two hundred pounds of flesh—horse meat—when I started from Dubuque, or we should have got along better.

NO HUMBUG!

I read in the Milwaukie News that Pike's Peak was a humbug. But it ain't, and the News knows it as well I do. We got here in the morning, after walking all night, and though we are now twenty-four hours in the country, we are not well off, but have a good prospect.

GOLD!

There is gold here—lots of it. The gophers dig it out of the ground by the bushel, and in the moonlight the whole earth for miles around looks like heaven with its myriad stars, or like a pretty girl with yellow freckles. The woodchucks dig out bushels and bushels of it, and the snakes in this country look like solid gold ones, from crawling among gold chunks. It is found in all sized pieces, from the size of a hen's egg up to the bigness of a large stone, and of the finest quality.

PILES AS BIG AS HAY STACKS.

We have raked together what lay loose on an acre of ground, and have twenty-two piles about as big as a large sized hay stack.

INDIANS AND FINE TOOTH COMBS.

Last night, two hundred Indians came to rob us of a set of silver spoons and a fine comb that my wife had to use on the children, and we barricaded our house with rocks of gold until they could not gain admittance, and were forced to beg to make friends with us. The chief laid down his weapons and came into our camp, when my wife used the fine comb on his head till his gratitude was as lively as his head was, and he was so tickled that he offered to marry my wife, and show me where gold was in plenty. I loved my wife—you know that, George; but thinking that I might die before I got rich, and feeling that I must make some property to leave my children, I consented to the match, and she has gone off with the Indian, who is a great chief, and taken the fine comb with her. Come out with your wife, and bring a fine comb, brother George.

BETTER DIGGINGS BEYOND.

I am going to leave these diggings for a better one. It is too much trouble to tug and pry up the great big chunks of gold that weigh half a ton or so, and are so thick you cannot get them out without danger of breaking your legs, and am going up to a ravine, where all I have to do is to go to the top of a high mountain and roll it down to the river.

HOW HE KEEPS DOWN THE LIGHT WEIGHTS.

The country here is fine, but the winds are awful. My boys got so light with eating roots, that I can only keep them by me, or together, by piling lumps of gold, about as big as mallets, on their shirt-tails, as the little innocents sit down on the grass to play. Everything grows here. I can raise twenty bushels of wheat to the acre. Oranges, lemons and all such colored fruits grow wild here, while melons, pears, apples, peaches and apple-dumplings are so plenty that they find no market.

AFFECTIONATE INVITATION.

Sell off what stuff you have in Wisconsin, and come out here. You can get rich in a little while, and go back in such style that it will astonish the natives.

Give my love to all the folks around the corners, and put a notice on the school house that they can get an outfit in Chicago for $200. Come out here, dear brother, by all means.

Yours, affectionately,

JOHN SMITH.

NO RAIN FOR A MONTH.—We have heard it asserted—but upon what authority we know not—that no rain has fallen during the month of May, in either of the 59's for five centuries. That is to say that there was a perfectly dry time in May 1359, May 1459, May 1559, May 1659, May 1759; and the presumption is that there will be an equally rainless spell in May 1859. We have examined McAllister's register; but it does not extend even so far back as 1759, and we know not where to look for a meteorological record of the Middle Ages so as to test the accuracy of the assertion which is going the rounds. It is at least certain that in the current May '59, which is now six days old, no rain has fallen in this latitude up to the present writing; but we will not venture to predict what the remaining twenty-five days of the month will bring forth. There was rain enough for two months, fell in April, had it been distributed through double that period; but there would be sore complaints from both farmers and citizens, were no more rain to fall before June.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

WHAT THE ARMY OFFICERS IN UTAH SAY.—The St. Louis Republican publishes a letter from an officer of the army, at Camp Floyd, Utah, which says:—

"No longer ago than yesterday, while sitting in the General's quarters, a knock at his door announced a poor unfortunate young man, about nineteen or twenty years old, a handsome Danish lad, who had been barbarously mutilated, and fled for protection all the way from San Pete Valley to our camp. He shed tears while telling his story.

"The case of this handsome young lad excited our sympathy much. He had, it seems, paid his court to a young Danish girl, who had emigrated here with him, whom he had known from childhood, with a view to marriage. The attachment was mutual, but some hoary-headed old scoundrel of a bishop, or other official, wanted the girl for a harem, and jealous of the handsome youth, had him tied, and then mutilated him, first giving him a chance between that and death."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 181—Adults 85, and children 96.

THE BRIDE OF A WEEK RETURNS AFTER TWELVE YEARS ABSENCE.—We have been requested to suppress the names in the following curious history, which has recently transpired, or rather, the last chapter of which recently occurred in this county. A farmer's son, some twelve years ago, married a neighboring girl—the daughter of a very respectable family. They removed immediately to a distant place, where they had been living but a few days, when upon his return home one evening, the wife of a week was missing. She did not return that night, during which he felt, of course, the utmost anxiety, and in the morning he started in search of her. He could only learn that she had taken the stage alone, which led to a railroad station, some miles distant. He followed, but at the depot lost all traces of her. He wrote to her former home, and published notices in the newspapers—but could obtain no clue to her whereabouts. He grieved in loneliness at her supposed criminal act, and to escape the scene where his week of unsullied happiness had been followed by so great a grief, he removed to this then sparsely settled wilderness. He here settled upon a promising piece of land, and in its cultivation and the cares of life, sought forgetfulness of the past. He succeeded measurably—has filled offices of trust, and grown wealthy. After a few years, his home requiring attention, he married, but his wife lived only long enough to bear him a son, and witness the first year of the little one's existence.

A few weeks since, as the well-to-do-man of the world was sitting by his fireside, there entered the house a woman well clad, of fuller form and twelve years older, but the picture of the long-lost bride of a week, and she was accompanied by a girl of near a dozen years.

The sober man of forty was startled, but asked the visitor to be seated. Then came her long and agonizing story. All was oblivious to her for the first ten years of their separation. She could tell nothing, except of one hour of returned reason, when the little girl beside her, his daughter, was brought into the world. After that long time, fitfully, and at periods remote from each other, came back reason and memory. She had wandered to a distant city, in a state of mild insanity; there she fell among kind people, and was installed in an insane asylum. After the birth of the daughter, and ten years more spent within its walls, thoughts of her youth, her home and her husband came back. She slowly recovered; then visited her parents, learned where her husband was, and flew to him. Be sure he clasped her in his arms, and they wept upon each other's necks. Again going before the altar, they were united, and she now presides with careful dignity and ease over his household.

But little is said about it in the neighborhood, except expressions of wonder at Squire D———'s sudden and unexpected marriage to one whom they supposed to be a fair widow, with whom he had recently become acquainted. —*Madison Argus, April 19.*

AMERICAN MEDICAL CONVENTION.—This Convention met on the 3d at Louisville, Ky. Twenty-five States and Territories were represented by 250 delegates.

Resolutions were passed that every paper intended for publication be thoroughly prepared and placed in the hands of the Committee of Publication by the 1st of June, and the proofs returned within two weeks after their reception by the authors.

The officers for the ensuing year were elected, as follows:

President—Henry Miller, Kentucky.

Vice Presidents—H. F. Askew, Delaware; Chas. L. Tripler, U. S. Army; L. A. Smith, New Jersey; Calvin West, Indiana.

Treasurer—Casper Wistar, Pennsylvania.

Secretary—S. M. Bemiss, Kentucky, and Dr. Eli Ives.

Four essays, competing for the annual prize, were submitted, and were all rejected.

A paper was read by Dr. Joseph Jones, of Augusta, Ga., on the chemical analysis of the fluids and secretions of the body in cases of malarious diseases. It was referred to the Prize Committee for the annual prize.

Dr. Comegys offered a resolution, which was adopted, to appoint a committee of five to confer with the Committee of Medical Teachers, and to report at the next annual meeting.

Resolutions from the New Jersey Medical Society, asking for the establishment of a board of censors to be composed of one from each Supreme Court Judicial district, to grant diplomas to all proper members of the association, were referred to the Committee of Conference.

A resolution was passed instructing the same committee to confer with the State Medical Societies, with the view of procuring a uniform action throughout the profession, by carrying into effect the standard of preliminary education adopted by this association at its organization in 1847.

Dr. Sayre, of New York, offered a resolution requesting each State Medical Society to appoint annually two delegates for each State College to attend all examinations of candidates for graduation; and that each college permit such delegates to participate in the examination, and vote on the qualification of such candidates. The resolution was referred to the Committee of Conference.

After being in session three days, the Convention resolved to hold the next meeting at New Haven, Conn., on the 1st Tuesday in June, 1860.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market ruled steady:

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	103½	104
Phila 6 pr ct, old	100	—
" " new	103	103½
" 5 "	—	84½
Phila 6 pr ct	75	—
" 5 coupon	—	75
Allegh City 6 pr ct	75	—
" County "	—	—
" R R issue	56	57½
Penna 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	93½	94
Texas 6 pr ct	91	92
" 5 " coupon	—	80½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	93½	—
Ohio " 1856	104	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	89	—
Cin. State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	142½	—
Philadelphia	117	—
Far & Mec	161	—
Commercial	82	—
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	29½	—
Southwark	68	—
P Township	35	—
Kensington	66½	—
Girard	51	—
Western	—	70
Man & Mech	27½	27½
Commerce	67	—
Tradesman's	63½	—
City	47	47½
Consolidation	26½	27
Commonwealth	—	23½
Corn Exchange	—	22
Germantown	55½	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	50	—
Exchange "	36½	—
Kentucky Ky.	120	—
Northern "	128	131
Louisville "	172	175
Farmers "	126	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	105	108
Eastern "	112	—
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	14
Washington Gas Light Co	20	—
Lehigh Zinc	11	15
New Creek	1	—
New Granada	1	1
N American Ins'ance	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	31
Southwark & Frankford R R	—	65
Hoods	21	—

RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS	Bid.	Asked.
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	—	105
2nd "	90	90½
stock	—	—
Interest of	48½	49
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1854	—	97
stock	122	122½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '79	85	85½
mort 6's '44	—	—
" '88	75	75½
stock	25½	25½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	—	90
stock	42	42½
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	38	38
6 pr ct, exc '60	97	—
Cleve Wil R R 7's	45	48
Tioga R R 7's	—	55
Will'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	—	73½
2d "	—	53
stock	9	9½
Catawissa	6	6½
Beaver Meadow stock	58½	59
preferred 10 pr ct	66	—
North Penna R R stock	9	9½
6 pr ct loan	60½	66
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	32	33
6 pr ct loan	88	—
Minehill R R	—	67
Har and Lan R R stock	56½	57½
bonds '83	—	97
L. Schuylkill R R stock	38	39½
Long Island R R stock	118	121
bonds	—	83
Erie R R stock	24	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Centra "	73½	—
Michigan Centra "	67½	68
Illinois "	67½	—
Michigan Southern	52½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct	75½	76
imp. 6 pr ct	54	55
stock	21	10
preferred	18½	19
Lehigh Nav stock	51	—
mort 6 pr ct	99	100
scrip	29	29½
Morris Canal'd preferred	107½	108
Cam & Del	41	—
bonds	77½	—
Union	3	4
bonds	26	27
Bus & Tidewater bonds 1870	29	30

THE Newport News of Friday last states that sixty-three cottages have already been rented for the summer, being one more than was rented last year on the 10th of July. There are still upwards of forty fine cottages for rent.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour, although somewhat in excess of those of the previous week, have been extremely small. Under the more warlike tenor of the late foreign news, holders have put up their prices 25@37½c ₱ bbl. The sales reach 13,000 bbls at $6,37½@6,50 ₱ bbl for common superfine—the latter figure now being refused; $6,37½@6,62½ for Wm B Thomas's do; $6.75@7 for Lancaster co; $6,62½@7,25 for Penna and Western extra; and $7@7,75 for extra family and fancy lots, as in quality, including 2000 bbls choice Western at our highest quotation. The sales to the trade have been within the range of these quotations. Rye Flour has come forward slowly, and has advanced 12½c ₱ bbl. Sales of 300 bbls at $4,25. Corn Meal has been in very limited supply, and holders now demand $3,37½ for Penna, which is an improvement.

GRAIN—The market is very poorly supplied with Wheat, and prices have again advanced 5@7 cts ₱ bus. Sales of 15,000 bus Southern, Penna and Western at $1,58@1,67 ₱ bus for ordinary and prime red, chiefly at $1,65, and $1,62@1,85 for white, as in quality. Rye is in good demand at an advance of 1c ₱ bus. Sales of 6000 bus Penna at 89@90c, closing at the latter figure. Corn has been in good request and prices have advanced 2c ₱ bus. Sales of 30,000 bus yellow at 88@90c, in store and afloat, closing at the latter figure; and 83@87c for damaged. Oats have advanced and are in demand. Sales of 12,000 bus at 55@56c for Southern, and 56@58c for Penna, closing at our highest figures. Sales of White Beans at $1.

PROVISIONS—There has been a firm feeling in the market generally since our last notice, with sales of Mess Pork at $18, cash, and $18,50 ₱ bbl., on time. Prime commands $13@13,25. Western Beef ranges from $12 to $14, as in quality. Bacon has been in fair request, and prices are steady. Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 10½@12½c; Sides at 9½@9¾c, and Shoulders at 7½@7¾c, cash and 60 days. Green Salted Meats are in good demand, and prices are quite firm. Sales of pickled Hams at 10c; do in salt at 9@9½c; Sides at 8½@9c, and 100 casks Shoulders at 6¾c, 60 days. Lard—The demand is fair and prices firm, with very light receipts and stocks. Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 11½@12c, closing firm at the latter rate, and kegs at 13c, 60 days. Country Lard is worth 11½@11¾c. Butter—Solid packed Western and Pennsylvania is plenty and dull. Sales at 9½@11c, cash. Roll meets a steady inquiry at 16@22c as in quality.

COTTON—The telegraphic accounts from the South caused a better feeling in the market and more firmness in prices early in the week, but at the close the market was very dull—the advices from abroad being considered unfavorable. Sales of 650 bales—chiefly Uplands—at 12½@13c ₱ lb. cash, for good middling and middling fair quality.

BARK—The receipts of Quercitron Bark are extremely light, and the stock in first hands is about exhausted. A sale of No 1 at $33 ₱ ton, but there is less inquiry. Tanner's Bark continues as last quoted.

COAL—Supplies have been coming forward freely from all sources. The demand has been quite limited both from the Eastward and other markets, and prices rule very irregularly. We omit our quotations for the present. Bituminous Coal is dull at 14@ ₱ bus.

COFFEE meets a moderate inquiry, and prices are firm. A cargo of 4000 bags Rio, received ₱ barque Conrad, sold at 11½c ₱ lb, on time, and 600 bags in lots at 11½@12c.

FEATHERS are but little inquired after, and good Western command 46@47c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit meets a very limited inquiry. Sales of Dried Apples at 8½@8¾c, and Dried Peaches at 7½@11c for unpared quarters and halves, and 14@16c for pared.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₱ lb $2@2,50; do, Rocky Mt, $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin 18@25c; Nutria, 35@50; Raccoon, 30@75c.

HEMP—There is no stock here, and little or none wanted.

HIDES—No sales. An import of 5146 African have arrived, and been shipped to Salem.

HOPS are dull, the speculative demand noted last week in old crop having entirely abated. Sales of new Eastern and Western, in lots, at 14@17c ₱ lb.

IRON—The demand for Pig Metal continues quite limited, but prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 400 tons No. 1 Anthracite at $24, 6 mos; No. 2 at 23; and 500 tons Forge at $21,50 ₱ ton, 6 months. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig Iron, and prices are entirely nominal. Blooms are held firmly. Sales 100 tons at $67,50, 6 months. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron continue as last quoted, with a moderate inquiry.

LEAD—Of Pig lead the stock is extremely light, and no further transactions in Foreign have been reported. A sale of 500 pigs Galena at $5,87½ cash.

LEATHER—The market is very poorly supplied with prime Slaughter and Spanish Sole, and they are wanted at full rates, while inferior descriptions are comparatively neglected.

LUMBER—Supplies are coming forward quite freely, but they are not more than adequate for the demand, which is quite good, and prices are gradually improving. Sales of Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $15,50@16,50 ₱ M feet; Spruce Flooring, in lots, at $11@13; Spruce Joist at $13@13,50; Laths at $1,37½@1,75; and Pickets at $5@7 ₱ M feet, for 4 and 4½ feet. A cargo of Calais sold at our lowest figure.

MOLASSES—There is rather more inquiry, but without change in prices. Sales of 200 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 29c; 400 bbls Portland Syrup at 25c, 4 mos, and 400 bbls New Orleans at 40c, on time.

SEEDS—There is not much demand for Clover-seed, and very little offering. Sales of 300 bus at $4,50@5 ₱ 64 lbs, for common and prime. No change in Timothy, and no sales have transpired. Flaxseed has declined to $1,65.

SUGAR—The market is quite dull, and all the recent importations have been stored, there being a wide difference between the views of buyers and sellers. Sales of 2@300 hhds New Orleans and Porto Rico at 5¾@7¼c ₱ lb, on time, and 900 bags Laguayra at 6¼ cents.

SPIRITS—In foreign Brandy and Gin no change. N. E. Rum is held firmly at 36@38c, as in quality. Domestic Brandy and Gin continue as last quoted. Whiskey is held firmly at the recent advance. Sales of Penna bbls at 25½@26c; Ohio at 27c; Prison at 27c, hhds at 25½@26c, and Drudge at 24½@25c.

TOBACCO is unchanged. Cuba, 28@40c ₱ lb; Kentucky, 7@10; Kentucky, Maysville, 9@14; Ohio, 5@9; Maryland, 5@8; Virginia, 5@8; Pennsylvania Seed Leaf, 10@23; Connecticut do, 10@22; St Domingo, 12@30; Manufactured Nos 1, 2 and 3, 20@28; Cavendish, Nos 1, 2, and 3, 18@39.

TALLOW is scarce. Sales of City Rendered at 10¾c, and Country at 10@10¼c ₱ lb, cash.

WOOL—There is no new feature to present in the market, and no activity is anticipated until the new clip commences coming forward, which will be soon should the weather prove favorable. The only sale worthy of notice was 500 lbs fine at 55c ₱ lb on time, which is a decline.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Martin's Avenue Drove Yard:—47 head I Abrahams, Cumberland co, 10½@11½; 104 John Quaid, Mooney & Co, Ills, 11½@12; 23 J Shelby, Berks co, 10@11½; 27 P Boker, Ohio, 11@11½; 4 W Fuller, Franklin co, 11½@12½; 9 Feltimer, Bucks co, 8@9; 21 J Keller, Lancaster co, 10½@12; 14 M Corson, Chester co, 10½@11½; 11 Miller, Mifflin co, 10@11; 14 A W Lynch, Del, 11@12. Sheep—About 2000 arrived, and sold at from 7@7¾c ₱ lb, gross.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—56 head J Todd, Chester co, 10@12; 25 J Landis, by Todd, Dauphin co, 10@11½; 48 Semes & Co, by P McFillen, Lancaster co, 11@12½; 25 Scott & Kimble, Chester co, 11@12; 4 Reiff, do do, Montgomery co, 12½; 11 Chandler, Chester co, 10@11½; 5 Knode & Brown, Md, 10½@11; 32 D Miller, by Hathaway, Ohio, 10½@11½; 25 B Hood, Chester co, 9@10; 21 J Brenneman, Lancaster co, 11½@12½.

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Philadelphia, May 7, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis	
Relief notes 4-10 dis	
NEW JERSEY.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis	
DELAWARE.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis	
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore ½ dis	
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis	
NEW YORK.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis	
MAINE.	
Solv bks ¾ dis	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solv bks ¾ dis	
VERMONT.	
Solv bks ¾ dis	
CONNECTICUT.	
Solv bks ¾ dis	
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solv bks ¾ dis	
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solv bks ¾ dis	
VIRGINIA.	
Solv bks ¾ to ¾ dis	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
Solv bks ¾ dis	
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks ¾ to 1 dis	

GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks ¾ dis	
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks ¾ dis	
ALABAMA.	
Solv bks 1 to 3 dis	
MISSISSIPPI.	
All bks uncertain	
LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks ¾ dis	
OHIO.	
Solv bks ¾ dis	
KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks ¾ dis	
INDIANA.	
State bank ¾ dis	
ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks 1½ dis	
MISSOURI.	
Solv bks ¾ dis	
TENNESSEE.	
Old banks 2 dis	
MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks 1½ dis	
WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks 1½ dis	
TEXAS.	
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis	
CANADA.	
Solv bks 1 dis	

NEW YORK MARKETS.

May 7.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour has again advanced 5@10c; sales of 14,000 bbls at $6,25 for State, $5,90@7,10 for Ohio, and $6,50@7,00 for Southern. Wheat advanced 1c. Sales of 15,500 bus at $1,52@1,56 for Western red winter, $1.12@1,25 for Milwaukee Club. Corn advanced; sales of 10,000 bus at 91c for mixed, and 93@95c for yellow. Oats are better at 50@62½c. Mess Pork has declined 5c; sales at $16@16,06½. Prime is quoted at $12,75@13. Lard dull.—Whiskey firm at 28c.

RENOVATION.

How often do we come in contact with persons who are always complaining of ill health! They never feel well; are either weak, debilitated, nervous, or have no appetite. We would say to this class, procure a bottle of HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, use it according to the directions, and you will soon be restored to health and vigor. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines everywhere, at 75 cents per bottle.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Pine Street Church, on the evening of the 28th of April, by the Rev. Dr. Brainard, Mr. THOMAS M. HAMPTON, formerly of N. C. to Miss ANNA M. WALTON, of this city. N. C. papers please copy.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. JAMES S. BUCKLEY, to Miss MARY J. VOGEN, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. D. Garton, Mr. JOSEPH WILSON, to Miss MARY J. PEACOCK, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo by the Rev. John Chambers, GEORGE HARLEY, of Glendale, N. J. to ELLEN C. MCINTIRE, of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. A. A. Willits, EDWARD EVANS, to CLARA, daughter of A. C. Engle, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. FREDERICK M. GLAZIER, to Miss MARY J. SNYDER.

On the 24th of Feb. 1848, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. FRANCIS M. LEWIS, to Miss MARY A. NEFF, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. SEVILL SCHOFIELD, to Miss KATE SOMERSET, both of Manayunk.

On the 28th instant, by the Rev. Wm. C. Johnstone, Mr. JAMES JOHNSTON, to Miss ELIZA GALLAGHER.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSON, aged 79 years.

On the 3d instant, Mr. WILLIAM WONDERLY, Sr. aged 73 years.

On the 3d instant, CHRISTIANA JOHNSON, aged 29 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Mr. CHARLES E. SCILLMAN, aged 48 years.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. MARY PATERSON, aged 50 years.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM J. ROGERS, aged 24 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. SARAH THOMPSON, aged 49 years.

On the 1st instant, HENRY P. PIERCE, aged 23 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Dr. JOHN G. WOOD, aged 30 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH MCLELLAND, aged 78 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH SHERMON, aged 65 years.

On the 29th ulimo, ELIZA ANNE, wife of Jos. S. McClelland, aged 24 years.

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Wit and Humor.

A FRESH WATER SAILOR.—You may not know it, but it is a fact that political influence very often gets officers in our revenue navy, who never scarcely had a glimpse at salt water before they shipped with a lieutenant's epaulette.

One of these "cases," the son of a well-to-do planter in the interior of Georgia, went down to the cutter at Savannah, went to sea in her on a three or four days' cruise, and then, on her return to port, got leave to go home for a couple of weeks, after more "rocks," or something of the kind.

When he got there he was the biggest frog in the pond by odds. The "tales of the sea," and the dangers of those "who go down in great ships," which he told, were *Munchausenish* to an intensity.

About midnight, after all had retired to rest, his father and his family were aroused from their slumbers, by hearing buckets of water dashed against the side of the house, in the part where the young lieutenant's apartment was situated. And every little while they would hear him roar out to a negro servant:—

"More tempestuous, Pompey—more tempestuous, you black imp!"

They thought him insane, and hurried to ask what was the matter.

"I'm so accustomed to the delightful dash of the waves against the side of the vessel," said he, "that I find it impossible to sleep without something as near like it as I can get in this benighted region."

There was, probably, some "snickering" about that time.

THE CANDIDATE'S GRINDSTONE.—A neighbor of Col. Baker, the warrior statesman of Wyndham, tells the following story:—

The Colonel's old grindstone, which had long done good service on the farm, having become pretty well worn down, he bought and brought home a nice new one. A poor neighbor—conceiving that the venerable Colonel could have no use for *two* stones, but could get along very well with one—asked him to give him the old one. The proposal, however, was *not* eagerly embraced, but was, on the contrary, positively negatived. An effort to buy the stone also failed, owing to a disagreement between them regarding the price; and the man having asked for the stone, and been given a decidedly cold shoulder, went away exceeding sorrowful.

A day or two after the Colonel's nomination for Congress, he fell in with his neighbor, and after shaking hands and inquiring after each member of the independent elector's family, he took occasion to say, in the most friendly manner,

"By the by, you were speaking to me the other day about an old grindstone of mine. I don't know as I shall want it for anything, and if it will do you any good, you can take it along with you any time when you are going by. It lies out there by the wood-pile."

The Colonel paused to receive the warm thanks which he felt that his noble conduct deserved, but was a trifle set back by the following blunt response:—

"Better keep it yourself, Colonel; *you've got more axes to grind than I have!*"—*New London Chronicle.*

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.—In one of the Baltimore schools the boys were reading from one of their class-books a story of noble revenge. It told of two lads, Philip and Robert, of very opposite characters. The first was kind and forgiving, while the other was irritable and selfish. Philip was walking out one day, carrying in his hand a cane, a present from his father, which accidentally falling from his hand, fell upon a pitcher filled with water belonging to Robert, who, not listening to Philip's apology, seized the cane and broke it in pieces. Little Philip, instead of resenting the injury, passed on. Some time after this Philip found Robert lying beneath a heavy log which, by some means, had fallen on him. Young Philip very kindly lifted the log from his old enemy, and assisted him up; thus returning good for evil.

"Now," said the teacher, "see, boys, what a noble little fellow Philip must have been! What would you do, Johnnie," asked the teacher of a bright-eyed little fellow who seemed interested in the story, "were you to have your cane thus broken by another boy?"

Little Johnnie arose from his seat and doubled his fists, while his eyes flashed, and said, "*I would lam him so bad he couldn't stand!*"

RATHER COMPLIMENTARY.—We have a blind phrenologist in town, who is great on examining bumps. A wag or two got one of our distinguished judges, who thinks a good deal of himself, and has a very bald head which he generally covers with a wig, to go to his rooms the other day and have his head examined. Wags and Judge arrived,

"Mr. B.," says one, "we have now brought you for examination a head as is a head; we wish to test your science."

"Very well," said the phrenologist; "place the head under my hands."

"He wears a wig," says one.

"Can't examine with that on," replied Professor.

Wig was accordingly taken off, and bald head of highly expectant Judge was placed under manipulations of examiner.

"What's this? what's this?" said phrenologist; and pressing his hands on the top of the head, he said, somewhat ruffled, "Gentlemen, God has visited me with an affliction. I have lost my eyesight, but I am not a fool; *you can't pass this off on me for a head!*"—*Spirit of the Times.*

OUT OF THE SHEEP SCRAPE.—A neighbor of mine was fairly or otherwise, accused of stealing a sheep, and the day was set when he was to answer the charge before a court of justice. But, as it happened, before the day of trial, he sickened and died. His old mother was overwhelmed with grief, and sat long by the corpse, filling the house with wailing and lamentations. At last a thought seemed to strike her; brightening up, and throwing up her hands, she piteously ejaculated:

"Well, thank God, he'll be out of the sleep scrape, any how."

WEBSTER AND HARRISON GRAY OTIS.—Mr. Webster was speaking, of one occasion, some years since, in Faneuil Hall. If we remember right, he was arguing in favor of the "Maysville road" bill. Mr. Otis sat near him, on the platform. Mr. Webster proceeded as follows:—

"I am favor, Mr. Chairman, of all roads, except—except—"

Here he stuck, and could not think of any exception. Mr. Otis saw his difficulty, and said to him, in a low voice,—

"Say the road to ruin!"

Mr. Webster heard, and, as if he had merely stopped for the purpose of making his remark more effective, repeated the whole, as follows:—

"I repeat, Mr. Chairman, I am in favor of all roads except—*the road to ruin.*"

The wit in Otis, in this instance, was well met by the presence of mind in Webster.

BRINGING THE MATTER TO A CONCLUSION—AN EXAMPLE FOR OTHER LADIES.—A lady said to her beau, after fifteen years courtship, "Charles, I am going out of town to-morrow."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"When are you coming back?"

"Never."

"What are you going for?"

"I am going to look for something which you have not, never had, and yet can give me without loss to yourself."

"You are very welcome to it, I am sure, but what is it?"

"A husband!"

"Why you might have had that fifteen years ago, if you had only said the word; but I was afraid to ask you the question."

A MODEL ADVERTISEMENT.—*Lost, Strayed or Stolen.*—An individual whom I, in an unguarded moment of loneliness, was thoughtless enough to adopt as my husband. He is a good looking and feeble individual, knowing enough, however, to go into the house when it rains, unless some good-looking girl offers her umbrella. Answers to the name of John. Was last seen in company with Julia Harris, walking, his arm around her waist, upon the plank road, looking more like a fool, if possible, than ever. Anybody who will catch the poor fellow and bring him carefully back, so that I may chastise him for running away, will be asked to stay to tea by HENRIETTA A. SMITH.

INTO OUR JEWISH BRETHREN.—There died in Geneva, an old man of the time-honored Jewish persuasion, who not alone left behind him an immense fortune, but also a character for extended benevolence. And the Israelites came from far and near to attend his funeral. Such a collection of noses had not been seen in Geneva within a living memory. And there were Rabbis of Geneva who made fine speeches, and there were Rabbis from other lands who spake also, and they all praised him who had gone to sit in Abraham's bosom. Now there was one Rabbi from Calmar, in France, who opened his mouth wide in praise of the departed brother. He spake and said:—"Twenty years ago, when I passed a poor starving wanderer, through this town of Geneva, this good man lent me two hundred francs to ease my rough road toward Calmar, and never to this day has he asked a farthing of the interest or capital of that loan. He will find his reward in Heaven." Thus spake the Rabbi, and departed again toward his home, with his beard wet with his tears. But lo! When he arrived in the bosom of his numerous family, there came to him a summons to appear before a court. The heirs at law of the defunct Rothschild had a bill against him for two hundred francs, which he was obliged to pay. With many groans, he was compelled also to disburse compound interest for twenty years, and the tears which he shed were no avail. The heirs had brought the entire Jewish community of Geneva as witnesses of the debt; and thus came true the trite saying, "Thou shalt not kiss the dead."

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS' OBEDIENCE TO ORDERS.—The uniformity existing among the Russian troops is something quite astounding. This uniformity is sometimes carried to an absurd extent, for their dress, way of marching, manners, even faces, are precisely alike. In the Guard, men with light hair and blue eyes are put together in one company, the dark-haired men in another. The excessive discipline leads at times to the spirit of an order being confounded with the letter. One day a ship with many officers and men on board went down in the Neva. The order was passed to the soldiers to save in the first place the officers of the Guard. They therefore anxiously inquired of each officer they got hold of if he belonged to the Guard? The poor fellows could not answer, as their mouths were filled with water; so they were allowed to drown. On another occasion, as it was very dusty, the soldiers were ordered to water the field for exercise. While employed in this duty it came on to rain heavily, but they continued their task with the utmost gravity. They had been ordered to do it, and that was enough. At the time when the Winter Palace was destroyed by fire, a clergyman succeeded, with great difficulty, in saving the sacramental plate. On returning he saw a soldier in the corridor, enveloped in smoke. He bade him follow him, else he would perish in the flames; but the other calmly asked for his blessing, and died at his post.

GOOD IDEA OF PETER THE GREAT.—The following anecdote is from Professor Jaeger's recently published work on "The Life of North American Insects." The Professor says:—

"The fact that the study of nature tends directly to the civilization of a nation was well understood, more than a century and a half ago, by that ingenious, self-made, Peter the Great, of Russia. He conceived the idea that a love for this department of science would contribute much toward the civilization and refinement of his barbarian subjects, and accordingly he established, at an enormous expense, a large museum of natural history at St. Petersburg; and in order to induce his dram-loving subjects to go there, he ordered *a glass of brandy* to be presented to every visitor."

"You've no call to be afeard of my dawg, marm, if you will but keep yourn off of 'im!"

Agricultural.

SOAP SUDS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The value of soap suds, as an article to be used in irrigating plants, appears not to be generally appreciated. Suds contains the food of vegetables in a state of solution, and when applied, its effects are more immediate than those produced by any other stimulant that can be used. For irrigating gardens, especially during the summer, it is unequalled. But when used for this purpose, it is advisable to let it stand till it becomes putrid, as it will, in that condition, act with greater energy, and prove much more nutritive and salutary in its effects upon the plants. If your garden beds are infested by insects, fresh suds, from the laundry, if sprinkled over them, will prove highly beneficial in arresting their ravages. It should be applied early in the morning to sulmiferous vegetables, and perhaps the early morning is the best time to apply it to garden vegetables generally. A very excellent compost is made by mixing common swamp muck and common barn manure, in equal quantities, and saturating the mass with suds. By daily effusions of this liquid, the compost will be rendered highly energetic, and act with most excellent effect on any crop.

OLD BEANS.—Old beans that have been injured by becoming mouldy or rancid, may be made sweet by pouring over them boiling water. In cases where the disagreeable flavor cannot be removed by this means, they will be found to furnish an excellent feed for sheep, especially while suckling their young. A gill a day will be found sufficient, and prove of more value than three times the quantity of corn.

FEEDING HOGS ON HAY.

There is not an animal on the list of our domestic tribes, in whose care there is more disparity of treatment than in that of the hog. And none probably towards which more really erroneous ideas are entertained of his *needs*, of his capacities, or of his ability to recompense the care and attention due him as a member of the farmyard circle. In very many, perhaps I might say in a great *majority* of instances, he is the subject of the most unwarrantable neglect; and though naturally hardy and trained by usage to acquiesce in the severest hardships, his elongated countenance and his shattered constitution, his feeble appetite, and emaciated and shivering frame, serve as a just (though often unheeded) rebuke upon his keeper's inhumanity. Animals so treated vary in their acknowledgments to their owners by way of returns, for the *bounty of life* and some thirteen months starvation, and say three of partial access to offal, corn and pumpkins, from 150 to 200 pounds of rather streaky bacon. Now this system is highly objectionable and even reprehensible on the score of its *inhumanizing* effect on all concerned in it. And in order to show that a humane and generous course towards even a *hog*, will pay, I may mention that my neighbor, J. H. Y., sold, the past week, a lot of pigs 6½ months old, some of which weighed over 250 pounds, and I have myself fed them to average 325 pounds each at 8 months old.

There is a diversity of opinion respecting the economy of confining pigs in the pen. My idea of this matter is, that under judicious treatment in other respects, confinement for the most part, is decidedly the most economical. But, of course, their treatment must be so managed as to secure a healthy and vigorous appetite. And I have not the slightest doubt from careful experiments conducted with a view of determining this matter, that it *pays well* pretty fully to gratify their appetites.

In order to maintain a healthy condition of the digestive and secretary organs, two or three things are essential. The first of these is to supply them with wholesome food in suitable quantity at regular intervals, and in such variety as will conform to the demands of their nature. In our artificial treatment of domestic animals, as well as of trees and plants, due reference must be had to the *natural* laws by which these are governed. So then as the hog is by nature disposed to nuzzle in the earth for roots, &c., and persists in reaching it, often at the expense of hard digging, I have, in order to meet this demand of his nature, had recourse to sods from the wayside or woods earth occasionally thrown to them, which never fails to afford them much gratification. In the treatment of stock hogs, in addition to a suitable amount of ground grain given in slop, they should have their daily allowance of green clover or grass; or when these are not available, as in winter, a liberal supply of "hay seeds" from the barn should be mixed with their slop, either of which they will eat with avidity; and at the same time that they derive as much nourishment from this as they could by grazing on a fresh clover-field, the conditions requisite to the maintainance of general health and uniform thrift are thus secured; and from any observations that I have been able to make, I know of no method by which so great an amount of growth and weight can be induced with equal cost of feed in the winter season as by this *keeping* system.

My plan of coming at it, is to have the barn entry cleared up once every day; the hay being raked away carefully, the clover-heads, leaves, *&c.*, remaining, are thrown into a cask kept for the purpose. A portion of this is placed in the hog-trough at each feeding previous to throwing in the slop, and if the hay is *sound*, they will devour the whole with as much zest as can be desired. The *advantages* of this treatment will be obvious to any one on a little reflection; and its practicability rendered equally so by any fair experiment. Shoats of three months are old enough to commence eating this kind of food; though it should be given in small quantities at first, and may afterwards be increased as their capacity for managing it increases. I believe the manure which may be *made* and *saved* by keeping hogs penned, will more than repay any trouble it may be to care for them, and if this care is judiciously applied, greater returns may be realized from the capital employed, than by allowing them to run at large.—*Country Gentleman.*

CROSS-PLOUGHING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It has long been a mooted, and still remains an undecided question with farmers, whether lands invested in the Fall, are benefitted by cross-ploughing in the Spring. This must depend upon circumstances. In cases where the plough, in breaking up, has been allowed to penetrate to a depth sufficient to place the sward below the range of the plough in its second application, cross-ploughing, with a shallow furrow, especially if the soil be of a heavy and tenacious character, will doubtless be attended with considerable advantages. In no case, whatever, should the turf turned down in "breaking up," be disturbed. When brought to the surface, it becomes dry and inert, and is rather an incumbrance than a benefit to the soil. The amount of actual, soluble vegetable matter in an acre of well-set sward land, has been ascertained by experiment, to exceed thirty tons to the acre, an enrichment sufficient, under favorable circumstances, to insure fertility to any soil. When sward lands are broken to the depth of eight or ten inches, the upper surface may be worked either with the plough or cultivator, without disturbing the vegetable matter, and the finer it is made the better it will be for the crop. In light soils there is always far more danger of vegetable manures becoming inert from excessive dryness, than from too great a degree of humidity, as is the case in soils of a closer and more tenacious character. Even humus, when in a perfectly soluble and appropriable state often remains effete and inactive during a season of drought, and it is well known that where the old practice of depositing fresh, unfermented barn-yard manure in the hills of Indian corn and potatoes, prevails, those crops, are, in dry seasons, greatly injured if not destroyed by it. Where green crops are turned down as an enrichment, no one thinks of turning up the vegetable matter by cross-ploughing. The object is to keep it covered till it has had time to decompose or be resolved into humus—a result which could not be obtained by exposing it to the action of air and solar heat, on the surface of the soil.

THE STRIPED BUG.—The striped bug, when it once makes an inroad into the garden, is the most destructive of the insect tribe. Not only cucumbers and melons are sometimes completely devoured, but squashes and pumpkins share the same fate. Numerous remedies have been suggested, some of them tedious and not altogether efficacious. Recently we came across the following, which looks as though it might be a preventive; at least it is not troublesome or expensive to try: "Take a small piece of paper, put it on the ground in the centre of your hills, and lay a small stone on each corner to keep it fast; then put on it two or three pieces of gum camphor as large as a pea. Renew the camphor when it is gone." It is asserted to be a complete remedy.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE CURCULIO.—Dip bunches of rags in gas tar, and hang them upon the plum trees—renewing them when the odor has disappeared, which will not be very soon. This remedy is said to be effectual. It is easily tried by those who can get the gas tar. [A friend of ours who has tried it, says it amounts to nothing.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

ITEMS.

TO MAKE COWS "GIVE DOWN."—Put a bag of meal, or any other weight, on their back. This is almost a sure way.

CEDAR BUCKETS.—To an inquiry, "how to season cedar buckets," I answer: Varnish the inside with simple "shellac varnish." Some of our brewers here build immense vats of cedar, (which gives the liquor an exceedingly disagreeable astringent taste,) and varnish the inside as above, and have no further trouble. Nothing is so efficacious, *I know*, as I have seen vitriol, lime, &c., all tried, but this answered best. Alcohol and shellac, which are both cheap, are all the ingredients. They will not need it a second time.

CURE FOR HORSES RUBBING THEIR TAILS.—Wash three or four times with stale urine. It is a most effectual cure.—*Country Gentleman.*

TO PREVENT POTATOES SPROUTING.—Some advise to put potatoes for summer use in barrels, and occasionally empty them from one barrel to another, but I have found that a much more effectual way to prevent their growth, is to shake them in a basket. Take a common basket that will hold a bushel or more; fill it half or two-thirds full, and after giving a good shaking, if the sprouts are long, you will find most of them at the bottom of the basket, and the remainder completely "scotched." It is a more *pleasant, certain*, and vastly more *expeditious* way than sprouting by hand.—*American Agriculturist.*

Useful Receipts.

PRESERVING EGGS.—I have recently read a new and perhaps a good recipe for preserving eggs at least two years, so that at the end of that time they will be fit for either hatching or eating purposes. Sceptical as your humble servant has heretofore been on that subject, he must confess that it looks reasonable. It is extracted from a recent work published by Cooper & Vernon, of Media, Delaware County, Pa., entitled "Game Fowls, by J. W. Cooper, M. D." The following is the recipe:

"Dissolve some gum shellac in a sufficient quantity of alcohol to make a thin varnish, give each egg a coat, and after they become thoroughly dry, pack them in bran or sawdust, with their points downward, in such a manner that they cannot shift about. After you have kept them as long as you desire, wash the varnish carefully off, and they will be in the same state as they were before packing, ready either for eating or hatching."

This is from good authority, as the author of the work has been engaged for the last thirty years in raising nothing but the best game fowls, and as he has frequently imported eggs, he invariably directed them to be packed as above, and always had good success in hatching them, notwithstanding the time and distance of their journey. Dr. Cooper's game chickey at Media, is of itself a great curiosity, and a credit to any poultry raiser.—J. L. W., *in Country Gentleman.*

LEMON CREAM.—Make with boiling water a quart of good lemonade very sweet. Strain it, and put it in a stewpan over the fire. Add the yolks of eight eggs beaten up, and stir the cream until of proper consistency. If you wish to have it in moulds, add some dissolved isinglass a little at a time. Otherwise, serve up the cream in a dish, or in glasses.

RED INK.—Take of the raspings of Brazil wood one quarter of a pound, and infuse them two or three days in vinegar, which should be colorless. Boil the infusion one hour over a gentle fire, and afterwards filter it, while hot, through paper laid in an earthenware cullender. Put it again over the fire, and dissolve in it, first, half an ounce of gum arabic, and afterwards of alum and white sugar, each half an ounce. Care should be taken that the Brazil wood be not adulterated with the Brasiletto or Campeachy wood.

TO PRESERVE FURS.—My *better* half wishes to inform friends, that she has kept her furs perfectly safe through seventeen summers, simply by putting them in a tight linen bag, tying up tight and hanging up in some dark, dry closet. Those who put up their furs safe in May will find them safe in November.—*Rural New Yorker.*

MOCK MINCE PIES.—Said by "an itinerant's wife" who sends it, to be an improvement on the genuine article. Mix 1 cup of sugar, 1 of molasses, 1½ of bread crumbs, with 1 cup of good cider vinegar, 4 of water and 3 eggs; add 1 cup raisins (seeded), 1 ounce cloves, and 1 ounce soda. This quantity will be sufficient for three pies.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE SLEEPING CHILD.—There are seasons peculiarly sweet and soothing; there seemeth something holy in the air of the dimly lighted chamber, wherein is no sound heard but the soft breathing of the sleeping infant. I feel at such times as if brought nearer to the Divine presence; and, with every care and busy thought gathered into silence, almost seem as though admitted to the company of the angels who keep their appointed watch around the little child; one desire only filling my soul, that my children may grow up to walk in the way of the righteous; at such moments, too, how clearly is perceived and acknowledged the claim of the Creator over the young creature He hath formed. He hath breathed into it the Breath of Life, and hath made it a living soul, and hath given it to a mother's keeping. She boweth herself before Him, and receiveth from His hand this pearl of great price, when the Lord maketh up His jewels to be required of her again.—*Diary of Lady Willoughby.*

EARLY RISING.—There is a capital anecdote of the reign of Louis XVI. of France, according to which some Court ladies got it into their heads, from some book they had been reading, that it must be a glorious thing to see the sun rise. But as that took place in the only hours in which they were uniformly in bed, what was to be done? After much consideration, it being of course impossible for them to think of rising so early, they resolved to have a party to sit up all night and ride out just before day to the top of a neighboring hill, to witness the strange phenomenon. This was duly performed, and then all went to bed, astonished at the degrees to which they had ruralized themselves.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 41 letters.

My 11, 23, 6, 25, 32, 4, 13, was a Roman institution.

My 1, 15, 27, 3, 39, was a public place in Rome.

My 25, 14, 40, 11, 36, 41, was a Roman dictator and Senator.

My 22, 28, was a Roman deity.

My 12, 9, 37, 34, 11, 22, 6, were three Roman warriors.

My 21, 17, 7, 11, 12, 24, 9, 35, was a public building in Rome.

My 19, 21, 34, 29, 6, 18, 2, 36, 17, 33, was a Roman General.

My 11, 22, 38, 2, 5, 15, 41, 1, 40, 33, 11, 12, 24, 8, 37, 38, 17, 11, was a Roman Emperor.

My 10, 17, 25, 22, 40, 41, was a Roman General.

My 16, 24, 5, 22, 15, 31, 34, 35, 40, 20, was distinguished for a Roman siege.

My 21, 17, 21, 39, 26, 23, 34, was a Roman province.

My whole was an event in Roman history.

CINROS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 61 letters.

My 34, 7, 14, 19, 11, 4, is a town in Maine.

My 16, 13, 23, 36, 1, 3, is a river in South Carolina.

My 19, 17, 13, 35, 47, is a river in Missouri.

My 7, 40, 37, 9, 29, is a town in Illinois.

My 48, 11, 23, 33, 22, 20, 19, is a town in Michigan.

My 12, 15, 46, 54, 45, is a river in Spain.

My 21, 9, 49, 30, 43, 41, is a town in Spain.

My 27, 44, 45, 59, 60, 41, is a town in Portugal.

My 40, 31, 45, 46, 26, is a town in France.

My 58, 34, 32, 49, 47, 39, 48, 23, is a town in Scotland.

My 61, 53, 50, 33, 36, 18, 14, is a town in Pomerania.

My 37, 17, 55, 2, 57, 33, is a town in Baden.

My 45, 6, 20, 5, 24, 32, 30, is one of the names of an island in Polynesia.

My 28, 38, 25, 60, 34, 8, is a town in England.

My 10, 13, 49, 12, 41, 35, 51, 52, is a town in Jamaica.

My 6, 56, 25, 53, 39, is a county in Illinois.

My 38, 13, 42, 37, is a county in Kentucky.

My whole is a verse between the 20th and 23d chapter of Proverbs. M. H. WHITE.

Springville, Iowa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.

Backwards or forwards reads my name,
In letters and word I'm just the same;
My 5, 4, 6, 2, a battle will spell,
That was fought by the English you know very well.
With a thousand begun, with a thousand I end;
My middle's twice fifty, on which I depend;
My second and fifth are the first of all letters;
The simple solution I'll leave to my betters.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.

Omit my letters 4th and 5th, and you see what *is* very useful to the mariner.

Omit my 3rd letter, and you have a word denoting the masculine gender.

Transpose the same, and you see what a great many people are.

Omit my letters 1st and 3d, and you see what many people are fond of.

Omit my letters 1st and 4th, and you see an animal resembling man.

Omit my 5th, transpose, and you have a tree which flourishes in Africa.

Omit my letter 1st, transpose, and you see how people look in a spell of sickness.

My whole is a wood.

Winchester, Ohio. JNO. KEA.

CHARADE.

My whole is that which lightning does,
Beheaded, that which horses fear;
Behead again, and lo, a tree,
A forest-tree will then appear.

G. GUYON.

ANAGRAMS ON RIVERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bob Rin.	Ride Pen.
R. Tent.	E. Horn.
Pace.	Raw Hat.
Tame.	Robe.
Carbon.	Vase.
Dear Aine.	Pure Heats.

F. J. ROBERTS.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A owns a tract of land containing 1,000 acres, in the shape of a rectangular parallelogram, the shortest side fronting to a public highway; the land depreciates in value as you go from the front towards the rear. B wishes to purchase. A sets his price in the following manner: he would sell him 10 acres off the front for $100 (by a line running parallel to the road, and taking all of the front,) or he would sell 100 acres for $200, or the whole tract for $300. B concludes to take 65 acres. What shall be the price thereof?

Babylon. J. SEMNIS.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known? ANS.—Because it had no Eve.

☞ Why are crows the most sensible of birds? ANS.—Because they never complain without "cawse."

☞ Why is dough like the sun? ANS.—Because when it rises it is light.

☞ Why is anything re-considered, like "good luck?" ANS.—Because it is considered *again*.

☞ Why is a sheet of postage stamps like distant relations? ANS.—Because they are but slightly connected.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—Execution of Ridley, bishop of London, and Latimer, bishop of Worcester. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Brigadier General Duncan McArthur. RIDDLE—Saturday Evening Post. (Acrostic.) CHARADE—Campbell. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM—The size of vessel 22 inches in diameter at bottom, 26 inches at the upper open end, and 18 inches high in altitude. The water will rise by the pressure of said sphere of 22 inches to the height of 16.806726 inches.